

THE TWO IRISH SECRETARIES.

A NEW Chief Secretary holds office in Ireland, and in this case, at all events, it cannot be said that "Amurath to Amurath succeeds." Whether for good or for evil, the new Secretary will bring a new policy into force in Irish affairs. Mr. Jackson is not Mr. Balfour, and we do not for a moment believe that he is capable of carrying on the Balfourian system. It is well both for England and Ireland that this is so. We know that our opponents think otherwise. They regard Mr. Balfour as "a still strong man in a blatant land," forgetting the airs of *le petit maître* he so constantly affects, and the delight with which he displays his gift of speech on the floor of the House of Commons. They believe that he has achieved a marvellous success as Irish Secretary, and though nowadays it is only the more fatuous among them who deceive themselves with the notion that Home Rule is dead, they are still convinced, almost to a man, that he has wrought confusion in the Home Rule party and driven it far on the road to ruin. Possessed by these delusions, they are now filled with dread lest the new Chief Secretary should fall short of the old. Nothing will satisfy them but that Mr. Jackson should perpetuate the errors and the failures of his predecessor. We can hardly hope that the Tories of to-day will see the truth about Mr. Balfour. They have intoxicated themselves with praise of him, and a very large number of them do honestly believe that the third-rate professional obstructionist who acted as the henchman of Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir John Gorst in the Parliament of 1880, has by some mysterious process developed into the similitude of another Pitt. They fail to see, first, what an unreal and hollow thing is the "success" with which he is credited in Ireland; and, secondly, how much more of luck than of merit there has been hitherto in the fortunes of the new First Lord of the Treasury.

Nothing can be more amazing than the persistent run of good luck which has attended Mr. Balfour's career as Irish Secretary, and that, in spite of all this luck, he should have failed, is the best possible proof of his lack of those solid qualities of statesmanship with which he is credited by a sycophantic herd. He was lucky, to begin with, in his relationship to the Prime Minister. We know that we are guilty of laying impious hands upon the Ark of the Covenant itself when we venture to recall the fact that Mr. Balfour is, after all, the nephew of Lord Salisbury. That, say his credulous admirers, has nothing in the world to do with his rapid rise in the political world. The point is not worth disputing. But even the dull gentlemen who write for Tory evening and weekly newspapers can hardly be blind to the fact that the relationship between the late Irish Secretary and the Prime Minister was of incalculable advantage to the former in the position from which he has just retired. It compelled the Cabinet as a whole to accept, with becoming meekness, Mr. Balfour's views on Irish policy. It nipped in the bud the incipient divisions of opinion on this subject which had become visible within the sacred limits of the Ministry whilst Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was Irish Secretary. Why, even if Mr. Chamberlain had been the colleague in the Cabinet of Mr. Balfour, the latter would have been able to feel safe against his intrigues. Surely this was luck of the most unusual kind! And what luck there was in the "backing" on which Mr. Balfour could count in his fight with the Home Rulers. He had all "Society" with him; he had nearly all the newspapers; he had the Church, the Army, and the Navy (with just those exceptions which suffice to accentuate the rule). He had an overwhelming

majority of the House of Commons, the whole of the House of Lords, and almost the entire landed interest of the United Kingdom. Surely the veriest bungler should have been certain of success when supported in this unexampled fashion. Nor did his luck stop here. He was lucky beyond precedent in the unscrupulous villainy which was eager to serve him. He and his friends try to forget the fact now; but posterity will hardly forget that for two years the Irish policy of the present Government was founded upon Richard Pigott and his forgeries. It was Pigott (with the assistance of certain other persons who shall be nameless) who secured the sweeping majority on the second reading of the Perpetual Coercion Act. The vilest of his forgeries was palmed upon the world at what was described as "the psychological moment"—the moment, that is to say, when it could make the greatest impression on the opinion of the House of Commons. And so deep was the impression produced that for two long years, until Sir Charles Russell tore the mask from the face of the monster in the Law Courts, Mr. Balfour may be said to have ruled Ireland by virtue of the support he received from Richard Pigott. If he was backed by all that was most influential, charming, fascinating in society on the one hand, on the other he was also backed by the vilest, the most depraved, and the most unscrupulous of modern criminals. Nor can we deny that a certain measure of luck fell to the late Irish Secretary by reason of the blunders of his opponents. When Mr. Parnell, having vindicated his character from the atrocious calumnies of the Unionists, suddenly lost his nerve under cross-examination, and, in actual defiance of proved facts, declared that he had made a particular statement to the House of Commons for the purpose of deceiving it, Mr. Balfour was undoubtedly in luck. Still greater was his good fortune when the revelations of the Divorce Court cast their unpleasant light upon the private character of his chief opponent; whilst it is difficult to conceive any greater stroke of luck than that which befel him when Mr. Parnell, suddenly reversing the whole tenor of his public life, became the rabid foe of the Liberal party, and of the majority of the Irish Home Rulers. Nay, when the unhappy man, worn out by the strife of contending passions within his breast, suddenly fell a victim to a slight attack of illness, there was for the moment reason to believe that his death had revived his influence in Ireland, and that accordingly Mr. Balfour was once more in luck's way.

Never has any Minister of modern times had such a run of luck as this. And yet despite it all, Home Rule still lives, and Mr. Balfour goes out of office a beaten man, not having advanced one hair's-breadth towards the goal at which he aimed when he became Irish Secretary. He began with a determination to rally the so-called "Loyalist" party throughout the country. He ends by leaving that party reduced in strength even in Cork. He began as a Coercionist of the most unrelenting kind, and for months past coercion has been to a large extent dropped. He began by trying to torture his political opponents into submission, avowing his determination to subject them to all the physical pains and indignities which fall to the lot of the pickpocket or the forger. And after a vain attempt to carry this policy, as cowardly as it was brutal, into effect, he had to fall back, baffled and beaten by the courage and obstinacy of William O'Brien. Unable any longer to use physical torture to gain his ends, he had recourse to moral torture, and introduced a system of "shadowing" only worthy of the despotism of the Inquisition or the Czar. But the gorge of his own followers rose at this crowning infamy, and from the day when a Tory member, to his honour, denounced Mr.

Balfour's tactics as "damnable" from his place in the House of Commons, the courage of the Chief Secretary oozed away, and there was an end of his foul spy system. There is still much that is brutal in the methods by which Ireland is governed. But the coarse and cynical brutality which distinguished the administration during the early days of Mr. Balfour's Secretaryship is known no longer. "Don't hesitate to shoot" has ceased to be the key-note of his policy; and in recent months he has not been ashamed to try to flatter and bribe the very men for whom he once expressed so unutterable a contempt. Surely there is here the confession of defeat rather than that assurance of victory on which our opponents delight to dwell.

Mr. Balfour is gone, and Mr. Jackson succeeds him. The high personal esteem in which we hold the new Chief Secretary does not lead us to hope that he will accomplish that which his predecessor failed to do. He starts, indeed, with an intimation from the leading Tory journal that the country is tired of the Irish Question, and that the true policy will be for Ministers in future to ignore it. A sapient piece of advice truly! Unfortunately, whatever may be the feeling of the Tories about it, the Irish Sphinx remains, with its riddle still unread. Nor is Mr. Jackson likely to solve it, seeing that he is forbidden, by the very conditions of his appointment, to use the only key which can unlock the secret. Like Mr. Balfour, he is destined to learn the futility of any attempt to rule despotically a country which is still permitted to retain its full representation in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Like Mr. Balfour, he must in the end realise the truth that Ireland, if she is not to be crushed outright, must be conciliated, and that the choice before us lies, solely, between the conversion of the country into a Crown Colony and the concession to it of the right of self-government. The Liberal party has long since grasped that essential fact, and we do not believe that it will be long ere it is grasped by the Tory party also.

MINISTERS AT THE GUILDHALL.

THERE was only one point of interest or importance in Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall on Monday. That, we need hardly say, was his reference to Egypt. We have spoken elsewhere of the value of Egypt to England, a point upon which it is probable that very hazy notions prevailed among the majority of those whom the Prime Minister addressed. But even if the possession of the Nile Valley and the Suez Canal were a matter of paramount importance to this country, we should not the less deplore the manner in which Lord Salisbury thought fit to discuss a question which is of European and not merely of English interest. Briefly stated, the purpose of the Prime Minister appears to be the substitution for the European concert—under which we now hold our position in Egypt—of a private understanding with the Porte. Egypt is to remain the vassal of the Sultan, and, in consideration of our acquiescence in this state of things, the Sultan is graciously to permit us to govern the country for him. Whether this is a position which can commend itself to those Englishmen who know anything of what the suzerainty of the Sultan means, or to those who are anxious to maintain the good fame of our country, is a point that we need not here discuss. That which is astonishing and lamentable in Lord Salisbury's speech is the fact that from first to last he showed so strange a disregard for the honour and good faith of the nation. He sneered

at those who have reminded us of the undoubted fact that we are pledged to the hilt not to remain in Egypt indefinitely, and he carefully concealed from his audience the manner in which these pledges have been reiterated by his own colleagues in the Cabinet, and notably by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We cannot quarrel with Lord Salisbury because he flung a characteristic jibe at Mr. Gladstone. The man who, when in Opposition, never lost an opportunity of turning the embarrassments of his country in foreign politics to his own personal advantage, can hardly be expected to realise the generosity with which he has been treated by the present leader of the Opposition. In England we understand Lord Salisbury, and know precisely what value to attach to those declarations on foreign questions which are simply meant to catch votes. But the case is otherwise abroad. In the eyes of Europe Lord Salisbury is not the mere leader of a temporary coalition, doomed to certain expulsion from office whenever the country is enabled to give its vote in the ballot-box. He is the representative of the might and the honour of a great Empire. Behind him are the land and sea forces, the wealth and the alliances, of Great Britain. It is not surprising, in these circumstances, that his unhappy speech of Monday should have caused an outburst of angry feeling on the other side of the Channel. It may suit the members of the Ministry to make light of that outburst. They probably know that it will be left to others to meet its open manifestations, and to heal the wound which Lord Salisbury has so deliberately sought to inflame. But it can suit no honourable Englishman to see the present head of the Government deliberately making light of engagements the most clear and solemn into which any nation ever entered, and, for the purpose of winning a cheer from an unthinking crowd in the City, turning his back upon pledges to which the word of English statesmen has been given. Most assuredly if the peace of Europe is to be preserved, and if England is to be kept out of a struggle in which not only its maritime supremacy but its position in Asia will be involved, the destinies of the country will have before long to be entrusted to safer hands than those of Lord Salisbury. Everybody remembers the speeches with which Lord Beaconsfield, during the Jingo fever of a dozen years ago, was in the habit of enlivening the Guildhall banquets. Most people know something at least of the mischief they did, and of the immeasurable risk to which they exposed the country of which, for the moment, the speaker was the mouthpiece. Apparently Lord Salisbury, in the last days of his Premiership, is anxious to emulate the evil example of Lord Beaconsfield. He could hardly have a worse exemplar. But we may find consolation under his vicious blundering in the thought that before long the control of the foreign policy of England will have passed out of his keeping, and that we shall have escaped the danger he so lightly courts of a great European war, waged for the sake of a shadow.

OUR INTERESTS IN EGYPT.

AMONG the many strident voices which have joined in the discussion of the Egyptian Question, none has been found to define British interests in coherent language. If the security of our position in the East depends upon our occupation of the Delta of the Nile, then *cadit questio*. The occupation must continue. But since there is no reason whatever to suppose that evacuation will be any

easier twenty years hence than now, and every reason to believe that vested interests and responsibilities will continue to rapidly accumulate, the most honourable and the safest course would be to proclaim a permanent protectorate and a free hand at once. The question shirked by the publicists lies, therefore, at the root of the matter. What real naval and military interests are bound up with Egypt and the Suez Canal? Naval opinion is divided on this question, which proves at least that our interests are not so obvious as is widely assumed. One axiom, however, may be safely laid down. Unless we are prepared to hold and maintain the command of the Mediterranean in war, the trans-isthmian route, whether by railway or canal, would be useless to us, and the position of any occupying force would be gravely compromised. On this point the fate of Napoleon's expedition supplies definite teaching. The command of the Mediterranean is a necessary condition—first, of the safety of the trade route between Gibraltar and Port Said; second, of any British force maintained in Egypt. If that command were temporarily lost or abandoned, then during such period the Suez route would be lost, and the danger to the garrison would be greater or less in proportion to the length of time which must elapse before the resumption of naval supremacy. The utilisation of the Suez route in war thus depends primarily on our naval strength in the Mediterranean. Assuming the necessary strength to be maintained, a British force in Egypt might be regarded as secure, and the trade route between Gibraltar and Port Said might be effectually guarded. The further route—between Suez and Bombay or Singapore—would be more easily defended; since France alone possesses a naval base (at Diego Suarez) from which it could be assailed, while the British fleet has protected coaling stations at Aden, Mauritius, Bombay, Colombo, Trincomalee, and Singapore. Even so, could the canal be counted upon for the certain passage either for ships of war or merchant steamers?

The transit of the Canal can be interdicted in several ways. A strong Naval Power, in undisputed military occupation, could employ fortification or mines, which would permit discrimination in favour of neutral ships; but the latter means of defence could be practically used only on condition of blocking the water way, for a greater or less time, against all comers. Such a Power could place an armed guard on every neutral ship during passage, so as to minimise the risks of the deliberate sinking of a vessel with a view to obstruct the channel. This risk would, however, still exist. Again, the hypothetical Power could make provision for removing obstructions as rapidly as possible; but could scarcely count on being able to effect this object in less than a fortnight. Finally, military occupation would obviously interdict the use of the railway as a means of transport.

The above may be briefly summed up as follows: Security in the occupation of Egypt depends upon the command of the sea. A Power in secure occupation of Egypt could not count with certainty on the uninterrupted use of the Canal as a link in the route to the East. The Canal can under no circumstances be as the Straits of Gibraltar.

It follows that the military occupation of Egypt by Great Britain would minimise the risks of obstruction in war and thus possibly tend to keep the trade route with the East in partial operation. On the other hand, this occupation would not render the Canal so secure as to justify the attempt to use it in case of an urgent call from India for troops or stores. As regards the movements of ships of war, our interests would probably be best secured by the absolute blocking of the Canal, since all the advan-

tages in the employment of the Cape route lie with us. So long as the British navy holds command of the sea, the Egyptian route can be effectually interdicted to all hostile Powers apart from any military occupation. The condition under which alone occupation would be safe in war, renders that occupation superfluous as a means of denying the Canal to the shipping of a hostile Power.

The distance from Plymouth to Bombay *via* Suez is about 6,000 miles, and *via* the Cape and Mauritius about 10,742 miles. The difference in time between the two routes may be taken at about 23½ days for a steamer running 200 miles in 24 hours, and 15½ days for one capable of 300 miles, while steamers running even sixteen knots—and few first-rate transports are not capable of that speed—would reduce the distance 3½ days more, the total time required for stoppages—coaling on both routes, and detention in the Canal in the former—being about the same. Whether an emergency can arise in the East so sudden and so unforeseen that a difference of 12½ days would be vital to the Empire, cannot be here discussed. The facts remain that the possible gain of time must be associated with an uncertainty so great as to render the policy of relying on the Canal most doubtful; that the long-sea route, in the case of a Power possessing our resources, is superior as a line of communication to anything possessed by Russia; and that, if the Cape were converted into a depôt of men and stores, the advantage in time passes to the ocean route. Finally, it is evident that the risks of the Mediterranean route would be greatest at the outbreak of war, unless the Mediterranean Squadron is largely increased.

The deduction appears to be inevitable that no strategic advantage, commensurate with the drawbacks involved, would accrue in war from a military occupation of Egypt. *Per contra* it is freely admitted that military occupation by a strong naval Power, with which this country might be at war, could not be permitted. Such an occupation, during a period of war, would, however, be impossible, unless the naval command of the Mediterranean were lost, and its prevention, in peace, is surely within the scope of diplomacy. This is our one real strategic interest in Egypt.

As regards other interests of a purely financial character, those of France are probably equal to, if not greater than, our own. The fulfilment of those interests demands merely the stable and orderly government of the country, which, therefore, is the joint object of France and England. Under these circumstances, it seems impossible to believe that a satisfactory arrangement cannot be arrived at as soon as the policy of a mere bald *non possumus* is abandoned for one of frankness and honesty. The army of Egypt has been created by British officers, of whom more than sixty are now in the service of the Khedive. If this army—which costs more than twice as much as Lord Dufferin originally contemplated, and is backed by a strong police force—cannot be trusted to maintain internal order among unarmed and remarkably pacific peasants, its existence cannot well be justified. There is no reason whatever to suppose that this is not the case, and the Egyptian troops have shown unexpected fighting power in various skirmishes on the frontier and at Suakin. As regards the dangers of invasion from the South, Major Wingate's recent work, "Mahdism and the Soudan," disposes of the scare, all the more effectually in that it appears to have been written with the opposite intention. In any case, if there were any real emergency, British troops from Malta could now be so rapidly sent up to Wady Halfa, that this supposed danger cannot justify their retention in the country.

As a first step, therefore, let the occupying force be withdrawn, thus conveying to France and to Europe the assurance that the word of England is her bond. When this has been done, we shall be in a position to ascertain what are the views of France in regard to the Egyptian Question. As her real interests are practically identical with our own, it is impossible to believe that a satisfactory settlement cannot be arrived at, and the present source of mutual irritation and misunderstanding between two great nations permanently removed.

M. DE FREYCINET'S COMING TROUBLES.

FOR some months past—indeed, it might almost be said, ever since the Boulangist catastrophe of September, 1889—fortune has seemed to wear an almost unvarying smile for the present holders of political office in France. M. Carnot, if he is nothing more, is the very impersonation of dignified discretion. There is not the least reason to apprehend that he will fall into either of the mistakes committed by his predecessor; he will not compromise the distinction of the Presidential office either by nepotism or by the keeping of too niggardly a hospitality at the Élysée. Among his Ministers, moreover, there happen to be some men of real administrative ability, and also of considerable force of character. The President of the Council is not only a very dexterous Parliamentary tactician: as Minister of War he has revealed an organising capacity and a thorough knowledge of details which have more than justified the departure from the usage that almost invariably assigned the Department to a member of the military profession, and it is very well understood that to M. de Freycinet belongs a large share of the credit for having brought the army of the Republic to its present condition of formidable efficiency. In the Minister of the Interior he has a lieutenant who has plenty of determination, is not overburdened with scruples, and is not restrained by any squeamish recollections of his own past from using energetically all the great resources of his office to maintain the ascendancy of the Ministry. At the head of the Foreign Office M. Ribot has shown no lack of either caution or adroitness; and M. Yves Guyot is a hard-working and capable Minister of Public Works, who brings to his task a more correct appreciation of economic principles and a wider and more intimate “knowledge of the field” than are possessed by the great majority of those who would fain constitute themselves his critics. In the hands of these statesmen and their colleagues the course of French politics, domestic and external, has of late been exceptionally smooth. The Republic has already survived for a longer period than any other form of Government that has been tried in France since 1789, and the prestige it has gained through this mere fact is so great that many of its Conservative opponents are beginning to think about the expediency of making terms with it. What the Russian alliance may ultimately prove to be worth to the Republic nobody really knows, and some political observers of long experience regard it as worth a good deal less than nothing. But in the meanwhile it is a flattery to that sense of the national importance which, after all, is one of the strongest and most universal of French sentiments; and in that way it has undoubtedly strengthened the hold, both on the Chambers and on the people, of the Ministers who have brought it about.

Still there are very grave political and economic dangers in the path of the French Government.

Very soon after the establishment of the Third Republic, a sagacious and well-informed observer of French politics wrote that “the four groups into which the French people are permanently divided are—first, the mass of thoroughgoing Conservative peasants; secondly, the cultivated and well-to-do provincial *bourgeoisie*, with Liberal-Conservative views and interests; thirdly, Parisians of more or less education and intelligence, who are always in opposition; and lastly, the destructive mass of working men in Paris and other large towns.” With very little qualification this analysis of French parties—not of sections and groups, which is a very different matter—is as true now as when Dr. Hillebrand penned it; and the enduring source of weakness to the present Ministry is that it does not really represent any one of these parties, and must perforce maintain itself by a system of perpetual give-and-take and compromise among all of them. If, as in this country, attachment to settled organic institutions were practically universal and dominant among politicians of all shades of opinion, the situation would not be dangerous at all. But that guarantee of underlying political stability is just what is still wanting in France. The ideal Republic of M. Jules Ferry, M. Simon, and the Moderates is a very different thing from the Republic of M. Clémenceau, M. Pelletan, and the Advanced Radicals; while the Anarchists on the one side and the Monarchists on the other are ready, as political parties in France have so often been, to overturn the existing political edifice in the hope of being able to replace it by one after their own designs. In the present Chamber the avowed supporters of the Ministry are barely a third of the total number of Deputies, and M. de Freycinet and his Cabinet keep their places because of the difficulties in the way of even a temporary combination between Reactionaries and Radicals.

It is one principal business of the Ministry, though one which they would not care to acknowledge, to keep up these difficulties by never carrying concession on the one side or the other beyond certain limits, and also by never treading too heavily on the toes of either Conservatives or Reds, so that both may prefer the continuance of the present Opportunist régime to the possibility of the accession to office of statesmen still more unsympathetic. But the successful playing of a game of this kind is attended with incessant difficulties. A short time ago there seemed to be some likelihood of the conclusion of a friendly truce, if not of an absolute reconciliation, between the Republic and the Church, an arrangement which would have been at least as great a gain, in the first instance, to the former as to the latter. But the Church is regarded with intense distrust and hostility—and not, it must be confessed, without reason—by the Radicals, and even by a considerable section of the more moderate Republicans, and it was probably owing to the felt necessity of deferring to this sentiment as much as *ex proprio motu* that the Minister of Public Instruction addressed to the bishops the circular which elicited such a sharp reply from the Archbishop of Aix, and has led to his prosecution. Individually the Archbishop is likely to be little the worse; but his acquittal would be a serious blow to the prestige of the Ministry, and would enrage the Extreme Left, while in any case the proceedings against him will give dire offence to the clerical party, and convince them that the idea of reconciliation with the Republic is a mere dream. The Radicals, on their part, have grown very weary of what they regard as the temporising policy of the Government, and are eager for the achievement of some at least of the social and democratic measures inscribed on their programme.

They definitely broke with the Ministry on the motion for the release of M. Lafargue, of Fourmies fame, last week, and his triumphant election, and the Radical victory in the Yonne on Sunday, can only widen the breach. As the voting on that motion showed a coalition of Monarchists, Imperialists, and Radicals may any day leave the Government in a minority of 90. In that case M. de Freycinet and his colleagues would have to resign, or to obtain the assent of the Senate to a dissolution, a course which might not be easy, and which, in any event, would be attended by serious risks, because the Radicals, and, indeed, the Clericals also, would stand an excellent chance of gaining seats at the expense of the Moderates, whose steady support is M. de Freycinet's sheet-anchor.

It is, in short, the old story: the French people, deeply reverential in their individual capacity of conventionality and expediency, continue still in the mass devoted to abstract theories, and severely logical in working out those theories to their conclusion. That is as much as to say that they cannot reconcile themselves to a Government of compromise, and Opportunist Republicanism, as embodied in the statesmanship of MM. de Freycinet, Ribot, and Constans, is a system of continual compromise. Even, however, if the present Cabinet should miraculously elude the dangers threatening from Radical discontent and Reactionary resentment, it must face another danger. In an evil hour for its own welfare, it virtually resigned the shaping of the future fiscal policy of the Republic to the Protectionist majority in the Chambers, and that majority have no intention of neglecting the opportunity thus afforded them. The new tariff will go a long way towards closing the markets of France to foreign imports. Such a state of things will have far more disastrous consequences—commercial, social, and political—for the Republic than for any of the States whose producers may suffer in the first instance. Of this truth there are signs that some at least of the members of the Ministry are aware, and that they would, if they could, impose a check on the Protectionist reaction. But this they are powerless to do, and the prospect before them is that of acquiescence in a policy which is sure to have mischievous consequences, with the alternative of retirement or of having to accept the responsibility for those consequences. It is not a very cheery outlook.

SCHOOL BOARD ISSUES.

THE withdrawal of a number of ornamental candidatures in the London School Board has, we are happy to think, much improved the Progressive prospects. The number of avowed representatives of the party which has redeemed the character of London's Educational Parliament is about twenty-nine, which is only a little over half the total of seats, though to this number must be added eight or ten others who may be expected to attract a portion of the Democratic vote. On the other hand, we are not displeased to note that that somewhat over-astute manager of men, Mr. Diggle, is over-provided with representatives of his rather obscure policy. We doubt whether he is wise to run five men in Marylebone, five in Westminster (counting that estimable disciple of economy, Mr. Keevil), and five in Chelsea. With regard to the Progressives, they are over-represented by one in Marylebone (if Mr. Baum is to be reckoned to their account), by two in Tower Hamlets, by one in Greenwich, but not conspicuously elsewhere. Nor do we see how under the most favour-

able circumstances Mr. Diggle is going to pluck the flower either of safety or success. For so good a man, he went into the battle rather cruelly handicapped. His blameless and guileless administration of the Board's affairs had alienated every single member of his old party who was worth his salt, and left him as mainstays such pillars of statesmanship as Mr. Sheriff Foster, Mr. J. T. Helby, and Mr. John Lobb. Mr. Diggle affects to champion the Voluntary Schools, yet he has lost the flower of the clergy in men like Mr. Rose, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Gent, Prebendary Eyton, and Mr. Kitson, as well as keenly interested and competent members of the retiring Board like Mr. Barnes and Mr. White. In order to judge of Mr. Diggle's claims to regain the position of authority which he has justly forfeited, it is only necessary for ratepayers who are only moderately acquainted with the history of the Board of 1888-1891 to examine first, the attenuated rump of thirteen members—out of thirty who voted for his chairmanship—who, amid the faithless, are still faithful found, and then the list of men who, while prepared to do justice to the Voluntary Schools, have been converted to the Progressive programme in education by sheer force of conviction born of practical experience. The Progressives have two strings to their bow. They have their own solid following, and they have a Right Centre wing, which is divided from them on, possibly, one question of principle, and very few of detail. Indeed, the only important departure in policy left open for the future Board is that of freeing the evening schools, and thus taking the first decisive forward step on the road to secondary education.

We need not say that the work of resisting the fatuously dishonest appeals to the stinginess of the meanest (and, therefore, the richest) section of London ratepayers is none the less urgent because the prospects of its success are so good. Mr. Diggle shelters himself under such highly reputable advocacy as that of Mr. Helby, Mr. Lobb, the Duke of Westminster, and the Dean of St. Paul's, but no man knows better than he that such economy as they advocate is absolutely out of the question, that it would bring the Board into collision at every step with the requirements of the Code and the practice of the Department, and that he would never dream of making himself a party to it. Probably no man but the richest landlord in London—whom we are happy to see allying himself, as he has usually done throughout his singularly perverse and unenlightened career, with the cause of reaction in education as in politics—is ignorant enough and selfish enough to desire to restrict the education of the children to the three R's. Yet this is the only practicable method of reducing the School Board rate. Nobody knows better than Mr. Diggle that the amount spent on swimming-baths and the purchase of pianos for musical drill are trifles of no importance in the School Board Budget. The one way of realising the ostensible, though not the real, Diggleite programme is to cut down the salaries of the head-teachers. The assistant-teachers, rising after 15 years' service to a maximum of £150, are already at a level to suit the veriest Gradgrind on the Board. The head-teachers obtain an average salary of about £270. They are entrusted with the task of organising and superintending great societies consisting, in some cases, of 1,300 children, a goodly proportion of whom are the wild waifs of London streets. For a middle or upper class schoolmaster at the head of a school on this scale of magnitude £1,500 a year would be adjudged a moderate salary. As it is, the Board finds it impossible—owing to the scandalously inadequate provision of training colleges, and the equally scandalous inefficiency of all but five or six of these highly sectarian institutions

—to obtain a sufficient supply of the best material. Of course, if the standard of instruction were to be lowered (as it cannot be) in the intensely crude fashion which the Westminster-Keevil combination approve, you might get a poorer class of men for a poorer wage. Even then you would have to revolutionise the entire teaching staff, for the scale of salaries was fixed by the 1885 Board, and rises automatically. Who proposes this? The astute Mr. Diggle? Not much. Mr. Diggle is merely waiting to secure the votes which may be drawn in by these vulgar appeals to ignorance and passion on the part of men who, being largely responsible for sunken London, are naturally averse to any effort to raise it at their expense. It is useless to point to the Voluntary Schools. They are run cheaper than the Board School system. But their efficiency is not to be compared with that of the average London Board School. Their teachers are inferior; their apparatus is nothing like so good; their entire method is lacking in the scientific turn which, thank goodness, national education has at length begun to take. Nothing, indeed, can be more significant than the bewildered confession of the *Times* that, after all, it does not see its way to a reduction of the School Board rate. On the point of administration, indeed, there is not the shadow of a shade of a reason for returning to power the man who, after coercing the entire teaching staff into accepting a scheme of superannuation which would have cost London two millions sterling, makes himself the figure-head, though he dares not be the active forwarder, of an impossible, an effete, an unbusiness-like, and, in its results, a ruinously extravagant policy.

THE BRAZILIAN CRISIS.

THE news from Brazil is becoming very serious. Unfortunately our information is very scanty. In spite of the important interests at stake the great dailies have not thought it worth while to keep correspondents at Rio de Janeiro, and the Government, though it has relaxed the rigours of the censorship, yet does not permit very free telegraphing. The cablegrams speak of a monarchical conspiracy of considerable extent, and it is also reported that in two of the provinces there is a secessionist movement. The origin of the crisis is partly financial and partly political. Since the overthrow of the Empire there has been an utterly reckless speculation. Banks and industrial companies have been founded in excessive numbers, paper-money has been issued extravagantly, and prices have been run up quite wildly. One result is a ruinous depreciation of the paper-money. The nominal value of the *milreis* is 27d. of our money, and just before the revolution it was as high as 28d., at a premium—that is of nearly 4 per cent. Now it is under 13d., and it has been lower. The meaning of this is that paper-money in Brazil when exchanged for gold to make payments abroad either for imports or for interest and profits is worth less than half what it was worth two years ago; in other words, all foreign obligations are twice as heavy now as they were then. As a matter of course the prices of all foreign goods have risen very greatly; and, as Brazil imports a very large proportion of grain and other food, that implies a great addition to the cost of living. At the same time the value of the *milreis* at home has not risen at all in proportion to its rise in foreign money, and consequently there has not been much advance in wages. The result is great distress amongst the poorer classes and very general discontent as regards the Government. It was evident

to every thinking person that the end must be a disastrous crisis, and a Bill was introduced into Congress a little while ago forbidding the issue of further paper-money and more strictly requiring one-third of the circulation to be kept in gold as a reserve by the banks. The Bill passed both Houses; but it was strongly opposed by the Finance Minister, and it is supposed, though it is not known for certain, that it was vetoed by the President. There is no doubt that the commercial classes generally approved of the conduct of Congress, and if its action had stopped there, public opinion would clearly have been upon its side. But the opposition to the Government, which had always been strong, had of late become irresistible, and Congress passed a measure limiting the authority of the President and providing for his deposition and impeachment in certain contingencies. The President contended that in this Congress was acting unconstitutionally. It had originally been called together as a constituent assembly; but the Constitution had been voted and adopted, and then Congress had become a mere Legislature without power to remodel the Constitution. On this ground he dissolved Congress, proclaimed martial law in Rio, and ordered new elections. As far as can be gathered from the scanty information that reaches us, very many who cordially approved of the financial policy of Congress yet admit that the President's argument is correct, and that, politically, Congress has gone too far.

The *coup d'état* appears to have quickened into life the smouldering secessionist feeling of two of the provinces, more especially of Rio Grande do Sul. There has always been much antagonism between the northern and southern provinces on the one hand and Rio on the other. The provinces complain that they have been drained of money for the benefit of the capital, and that the money has been wasted in reckless extravagance. When the revolution took place there were fears that it would be followed by secession, but the Provisional Government was able to maintain order. Now the fears have become much stronger. It is possible that Marshal Fonseca may once more succeed in maintaining his authority; but it is to be recollected that the Brazilian army is small, and that, especially in Rio Grande do Sul, there is a large German settlement. Probably it is an exaggeration to say that there are 50,000 Germans of fighting age; but there is little doubt that if the Germans are resolved upon secession and can arm themselves, there is no force in Brazil capable of withstanding them. Civil war would, of course, precipitate the financial crisis which, in any case, is impending, and it would lead to such a waste of life and treasure that possibly Brazil might not recover for a generation. It is not surprising, therefore, that European investors have taken alarm and that they are selling their Brazilian securities at whatever price they can get, thus causing a heavy fall day after day. Were there an able and strong man at the head of the Imperialist party it is clear that the present would be his opportunity. The present Government has fostered insane industrial enterprises and an utterly reckless speculation. It has flooded the country with too much inconvertible paper; it has alienated the most powerful classes in the community; and it has now ended by quarrelling with the representatives of the people. Marshal Fonseca himself is believed to be dishonest and well-meaning, but he is surrounded by unscrupulous self-seekers, and is not firm enough to resist their influence.

The Emperor himself is old and in bad health; his daughter is unpopular because of the belief that she is too much under the influence of the priests; her husband is disliked as a Frenchman, and their

son is a mere boy. Apparently, therefore, there is no member of the Imperial family qualified to put himself at the head of an Imperialist movement, and the ease with which the Empire was overthrown seems to prove that there is little ability or foresight amongst the supporters of the Monarchy. Although, then, the Republic has become discredited, and there is undoubtedly a monarchical revival, the prospect of a restoration does not seem great. If there is no formidable attempt to restore the Empire, the Government will be able to devote all its energies to suppressing the secessionist movement. If it acts quickly and firmly it may prevent a concentration of secessionists and so succeed in maintaining order; but if once the Germans in Rio Grande do Sul get together and provide themselves with arms, it is very improbable that they can be put down.

Assuming that monarchical conspiracies are suppressed, and that in some way or other secession is prevented, there is no reason why Brazil should not continue to pay her way. The reckless speculation that has been going on for two or three years must end in a crisis which will cause heavy losses to the speculators and depress trade for a considerable time. But every country has financial crises from time to time, and recovers from them after a while. Fortunately, the revolution of two years ago stopped issues in Europe of Brazilian loans and companies. A crisis, however serious, consequently would not have the disastrous results which followed the crash in the Argentine Republic. Some of the French banks unfortunately engaged in rash undertakings two years ago, and they have locked up too much capital in those enterprises. It is possible, therefore, that a serious break in Brazil might have grave consequences in Paris. In this country, however, there is no important house involved in Brazilian affairs as Messrs. Baring Bros. were in Argentina. Then, the population of Brazil is larger, the country is richer, and trade is much more prosperous. The coffee crop this year was one of the largest ever grown—it is estimated to be worth £30,000,000 sterling—and coffee is only one of the products which Brazil exports. Trade, therefore, is good at present; and though it cannot fail to be injured by the political uncertainty that prevails, and by the fear of a financial crash, yet there is always a demand for coffee, and Brazil will continue to do a good business with the rest of the world. Fortunately, too, her foreign debt is not large. At the present moment the Brazilian Government has large funds at its disposal. Of course, in addition to the foreign debt proper, there are large guarantees to railways and industrial companies of various kinds, and it may be that a crisis would render it impossible to pay the full amount of those guarantees. But still, if the Republic holds together, a mere financial crisis ought not to have very lasting consequences.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WHILE the Republic of Brazil is falling to pieces and the Russian Empire daily sinks into a worse condition than could be desired by the most extreme and pessimist of Anarchists, the impression throughout Western Europe this week may be described as relatively one of relief. The French Ministry, indeed, is threatened: a financial crisis, hardly on the usual modern scale, has just passed over Berlin, and a more serious one is probable in Spain: there may soon be troubles in Macedonia owing to the concession just made by the Porte in reopening the Bulgarian churches in that province, which will certainly be regarded

as a menace to the claims of Greek nationality; and the difficulty between Chili and the United States still causes apprehension; but the reaction after the war rumours of the last few months has been intensified this week by the declarations of two Premiers and an Emperor. The Marquis di Rudini's speech at Milan on Monday, in so far as it dealt with European politics, assured the world of the desire of the Italian Government to maintain peace by its participation in the Triple Alliance, and of its excellent relations, not only with England, but with Russia and with France: while on its economic side—it has been rather ill-naturedly said—it indicated that under any circumstances Italy could do little but follow the course of events. These assurances were confirmed on Tuesday by the speech of the Emperor of Austria to the Delegations. Lord Salisbury's speech at the Mansion House, whatever may be thought of its political morality—which is dealt with elsewhere—is taken in Vienna and Berlin as a sign that the European situation is not likely to be disturbed at present by a renewal of the Egyptian question. It has caused the liveliest indignation in France: but France has troubles enough of her own just now.

Citizen Lafargue was elected at Lille on Sunday by a majority of some 1,300 votes over the Opportunist candidate, M. Depasse of the *République Française*, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the orthodox Republicans—far more strenuous than is usual at a French bye-election. On Monday the Opportunists were declaring that after all he need not be let out of prison. On Tuesday M. Millerand moved that—in conformity with a law of 1875—his imprisonment should be suspended during the session. The motion was adopted without discussion or division, and the Chamber passed on quietly to the question of classical *versus* modern education.

Two other elections took place on Sunday. One—in the Landes—is claimed as a defeat of the Government; the other, in the Yonne, certainly was so. M. Denormandie, the converted Conservative, who had come forward as a Republican, had been second at the first ballot and resigned his candidature, resumed it at the request of a number of electors—many of them, it is said, supporters of the Government—in the face of the new activity of the Radical party. But he was defeated by a Radical from another Department, M. Doumer. Moreover, M. Camille Pelletan was only beaten by 32 votes (272 to 240) in a conflict with M. Rouvier, on Tuesday, in connection with a proposal that the Government should aid the communes in converting their loans; and there can be little doubt that a struggle is impending between the present Government and a reorganised Radical Left, supported, no doubt, on occasion by ex-Boulangists, Socialists, ultra-Monarchists, and all the forces of discontent. But we must not take the Lille election too seriously. The electorate of the Nord is a curious mixture of Socialists, ultra-Catholics, Bonapartists (by tradition), and orthodox Republican bourgeois, and contains a large element of excitable miners just ready to strike. It was the first to be affected by Boulangism; its electorate largely stands quite outside of Parliamentary politics. A more serious matter for the Government is the disinclination of M. de Freycinet to make any more concessions to Conservative Republicans, which is said to have led to a disagreement with M. Constans. Now a fresh grouping of Republicans in the Chambers might present serious difficulties to the electorate.

On the question of a general strike of the miners in the Pas de Calais, the last reported figures are: Ayes, 12,183; Noes, 6,708. But as 3,000 of the Ayes are already on strike, and there are some 13,000 abstentions, the success of the movement is very doubtful. The miners of the Nord, however, may follow the example of their neighbours.

A monument to Gambetta, erected by the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine, was inaugurated at Jardies near Ville d'Avray on Sunday.

The Belgian Chambers resumed their sittings on Tuesday. After the Budget is disposed of, the revision of the Constitution will be dealt with. The plan of the majority of the Revision Committee of the Chamber—referred to by Sir Charles Dilke elsewhere—would undoubtedly strengthen the present clerical domination. The Liberal minority favour universal suffrage, some desiring also an educational qualification. The last fortnight has been taken up with a verbose controversy between the two sections of the Committee. The estimates show a surplus—less than usual—of 3,000,000 francs.

The Budget of the German Empire shows an increased expenditure of 110,000,000 marks, of which 65,000,000 is as "extraordinary." There will, however, be a surplus of about 700,000,000 marks.

The financial crisis in Berlin is a serious matter to many people in high society. The failure last week of Hirschfeld and Wolff—now said to have been due to fraud—has been followed by that of the firm of Friedländer and Sommerfeld, and the suicide of the two junior partners, and by a considerable run on other banks, some of which kept open through Sunday to prove their solvency. Now, however, the danger is over. The Reichstag will meet on Monday.

The domestic programme propounded by the Marquis di Rudini at Milan on Monday promised further economies of 40,000,000 francs, together with an increase of revenue which will cover the cost of the most urgently needed among the projected railway lines. The possibility of all this, however, is very generally doubted. But the most noticeable feature of the speech was its emphatic defence of the law of Papal guarantees, and its invitation to pilgrims from the whole world to come without fear. Meanwhile a Committee—chiefly composed of Garibaldian veterans—is about to issue a general appeal to prominent Italian Liberals to join in the agitation against the present law, and the first meeting will be held on Monday at Milan.

The anniversary of Mentana was celebrated on Sunday, on the battle-field near Monte Rotondo.

The Inter-Parliamentary Peace Conference at Rome has been marked by numerous scenes. National susceptibilities have been provoked by the raising of the Alsace Lorraine question; Parliamentary susceptibilities by Signor Imbriani's declaration that Parliaments are nothing beside the popular will; and there has been systematic obstruction by some Italian Radicals. Its sequel, the Peace Congress, under the presidency of our correspondent, Signor Bonghi, began on Wednesday. The next will meet in 1892 at Berne.

It is officially announced that the Servian Ministerial crisis was due merely to personal differences, and that it is now settled.

The situation in Russia is little less than appalling. The Volga is frozen over, and help cannot reach the disturbed districts. Cold, hunger-typhus, and starvation are making terrible ravages. The peasants are becoming desperate. In some cases they have taken to brigandage; in others an agrarian revolution has begun. They have seized the landlord's land and cannot be expelled. Something more has been said as to relief from abroad. The English chaplain at St. Petersburg has issued an appeal; the Red Cross Society, and the British and Foreign Bible Society will distribute relief; and *Free Russia* suggests that foreign contributions had best be sent through it to the Zemstvos or local councils for distribution. But the contemptuous rejection last week of the German offer of assistance is not very encouraging.

The serious fall in Russian securities has, of course, been attributed by Parisian Anti-Semites to the revengeful manoeuvres of the House of Rothschild: and a semi-official contradiction has been thought necessary. "Under all reserves," we may also notice a report that the fall is due to heavy sales by the Russian banks to provide cash for their Government. The Minister of Finance is

expected to resign. The silver wedding of the Czar was celebrated on Monday.

The information from Brazil is, as usual, sent under the supervision of the Government. It seems clear, however, that the Province of Rio Grande do Sul—largely peopled by Germans—has seceded, that Gran Para and Bahia, in the north, have followed, and that the Central Government will be unable to recover either. The army is divided. In Rio Grande it is adverse to the Dictator.

Señor Montt is the sole candidate for the Chilean Presidency. Twenty-one Liberals and thirty-eight Conservatives are returned to Congress, which opened on Tuesday, and to which the Junta has resigned its powers. The new Government has begun with a Cabinet crisis, which is not, however, serious. The financial situation is said to be entirely sound. There is still some uneasiness as to the difficulty with the United States—work in the navy yards of the latter having been carried on all last Sunday; but there is seemingly a lull in the negotiations.

The leader of the Argentine Radicals has assured the President that there is no intention to bring about another Revolution.

A FIRST IMPRESSION ON THE ROUMANIAN FRONTIER.

WHEN it became so dark that I could not plainly distinguish objects on either bank of the Danube, which here was a couple of miles wide, I lowered my two sails and paddled for Roumania. It would have been no further to the Bulgarian shore, but sentiment guided my canoe to the other side, where I had some friends to whom I thought I might turn in case of difficulty.

The Roumanian frontier was guarded here, as elsewhere, by a series of square huts placed within sight one of the other, each hut containing five soldiers, one of whom did sentry while the rest seemed generally occupied over a fire or washing clothes. Between two of these guard-houses I ran my keel ashore, quickly hauled my boat high and dry, propped her on either side by means of spare hatches, rigged my tent over the well, took a swim, changed into my night rig, put my soup over a spirit stove, and commenced to muse over the pleasures of solitude—but not for long. One of the guard had spied me and came to investigate; soon came a second, and lastly, one with a breech-loading rifle. The rifleman made trouble in a language I could not understand, and I protested as vigorously in four equally unknown tongues. It was clear, however, that I was regarded as a trespasser, and was to be sent off. I therefore commenced by offering them some soup, which they devoured after the manner of men on half rations; then I shared a bottle of local wine, and after that the rifleman took a long drink from the supply of methylated spirits which did my cooking when no drift-wood was at hand.

All this while they talked at me and I back at them—they in their native tongue and I in mine—until one of them attempted to examine my paddle. I told him not to, but he insisted, so I jumped to my feet with a knife in one hand, pretending anger, though my real feelings were quite opposite, and I was at the moment wondering how this scrape would end. Fortunately, the man dropped the paddle, and the others vociferously talked, as though they intended no harm. At this I pantomimed that I was going to bed and waved them in the direction of their quarters, saying good-night in every language I knew. They left, and I was soon sound asleep.

The banging of a musket-butt against the stern of *Caribee* awaked me. I peered through my mosquito curtains and saw a long, hungry-looking Roumanian private standing in the moonlight with his right index finger on the trigger of his piece,

and his attitude suggesting either the tendency to charge or to aim. He stood at a respectful distance, ignorant, perhaps, of my armament, and savagely harangued me as one who had been guilty of a grave crime. He pointed up, he pointed down, he pointed at the Bulgarians, and aimed in that direction; he evidently resented the comforts I was enjoying on Roumanian soil, and threatened to shoot if I did not move on. But I knew that innocent fishermen were sometimes shot at in their boats—to say nothing of smugglers—and that frontier guards aim very carelessly in the moonlight, particularly where there is no one to call them to accountability. So I concluded not to move, and began, therefore, to abuse my ferocious frontiersman in robust English, accusing him of vile extraction and nameless vices, watching carefully the while his face and hands. I shook in the air my passport, maps, and other loose papers, and interlarded my opprobrious words with every military title that could appeal to the senses of a semi-civilised private. The moon told me that I was not to be shot—on the spot, at least; but she also told me that my trigger-touching terror insisted that I should uncoil myself from out of my snug canoe and go with him to some remote guard-house for examination. This I strenuously objected to; but, in my most violent paroxysm, fumbled in my stern locker for a bottle of excellent liquor known as Schlivovitz, and at the climax of my discourse drew the cork and reached the bottle towards him. Without undue self-adulation, I may here remark that never, on the stump or in festive gatherings, have I so completely realised the satisfaction of oratorical success as on this chilly moonlight night on the banks of the tortuous swamp-spreading Danube, as I listened to the gurgulation of my best bottle disappearing rapidly and completely down the ever-thirsty recesses of that whilom threatening ruffian.

He, too, disappeared, grinning horribly, swinging his musket—a drunken pendulum, zigzagging along a deceptive path of moonlight.

The sun awoke me next. I did not wait for breakfast, but stowed my gear, pulled my boat to the water, jumped aboard, hoisted sail, and munched a crust of bread with a piece of chocolate while I made notes and wondered how much salary a man ought to get who did this sort of thing for a living.

My experience is worth telling only because it illustrates the semi-civilised condition of frontier life, not merely in Roumania, but also in Serbia, Hungary, Bulgaria, and, above all, Russia—wherever the Danube forms the boundary. The trade of this great river is absurdly small compared with the wealth along its banks, and can never be much better so long as its trade is regulated by Governments whose maxims are similar to those of the robber knights who built castles in the middle ages for the purpose of levying tribute from passing ships. To-day no one can pass from one side of the Lower Danube to the other without vexatious delay, expense, annoyance—often danger of life or liberty. Each country of this neighbourhood seeks to discourage the trade of every other, and the great steamship company that runs its boats the whole length of the stream has difficulty in paying its way, owing to the multiplicity of fines, bribes, and taxes it has to meet in its course from Regensburg to Sulina. The ideal of the protectionist is realised in these Danube principalities—the ideal of the Chinaman—no trade, no intercourse with fellow-man. Would that my protectionist friends would canoe on the edges of Bulgaria and Roumania, and Russia; they would come back Free Traders, or, if not quite so regenerate as that, would at least pray that one frontier should include the Danube and all its navigable tributaries, so that the blessings of Free Trade might be felt, at least partially, by States that now are ruining themselves in frantic efforts to get rich by imitating the methods of that Chinese-minded politician who framed the McKinley Bill.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

AN OLIVE-BRANCH IN SCOTLAND.

WE are extremely glad to see unmistakable signs of good sense and good feeling in the approaching adjustment of Church matters in Scotland. They have appeared, quite recently, on both sides. But we give precedence to our political opponents.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland publishes monthly a parish magazine entitled *Life and Work*. This organ has, during the last few months given prominence to the Church's willingness, announced last June by the present Moderator, "to share her privileges with her Presbyterian brethren with a view to union, and that to the uttermost farthing." But the offer has attracted no attention, and now Professor Charteris, of Edinburgh, who is announced as the Moderator to be chosen for next year, comes forward in the same official pages to urge the absolute necessity of doing more. He is under no illusions as to the political outlook:—

"The whole array of the Liberal Party is moving upon the old Church to destroy it; the Scottish Liberals have an enormous preponderance over the Scottish Conservatives or Tories in the House of Commons; and if the answer to the question were to be given by the present representatives of Scotland, destruction would be sure and swift."

"It does not seem to me possible," he adds, "to exaggerate the gravity of the crisis. . . . Upon that plank Liberalism will stand or fall." And Dr. Charteris is equally frank as to the futility of the policy of defence or defiance which Lord Balfour of Burleigh has organised. "For myself," he says, "I deplore that those who publicly defend the Church so powerfully are not doing something to terminate the evil." The evil to be terminated is the unjust exclusion of outside Scotsmen from their common inheritance, an exclusion not made more tolerable by maintaining along with it an attitude of insult or hostility. Dr. Charteris points out, too, that more must be done than merely opening the way of return. Years ago, he reminds us, the Scottish Establishment made all the ministers outside eligible for its appointments. At the present moment, when a benefice is vacant, any Free Church or United Presbyterian minister who chooses to be a traitor to his principles may be elected, and may within twenty-four hours exchange the heavy burden of his voluntary flock—which means sometimes, especially in the Highlands, the burden of the whole parish—for the life-long ease of a stipend and a manse. But that legislation has been absolutely futile. The present crisis calls for something more. "It behoves the Church and the Committee on Church Interests to submit" a proposal which may involve some sacrifice from the present ministers and members of the Church—more certainly, than they would be subjected to in the Disestablishment proposed by Mr. Gladstone, but, in the circumstances, not more than may fairly be expected from Presbyterians. The proposal itself is, in Dr. Charteris's own words, as follows:—

"I have no doubt that if we were disestablished to-morrow, or at any later date, there would be a commutation of the life-interests of incumbents. The life-interests would be valued; the sum representing them would be invested as a permanent endowment of the parishes; and congregations and individuals would make up to those ministers while they lived the full income they are now receiving. But can we not do better than that? Can we not use our 'life-interests'—I mean the portion of them represented by money—so as to form a means of reuniting the Presbyterians of Scotland? In the event of union, might not the minister of the dissenting congregation be secured in one-half of the parish stipend, while the members and friends of the Church made up to the present parish minister, by voluntary offering, the half which he thus surrendered?"

We give the promptest publicity to this proposal, for it can do good and only good. There is not the smallest chance of its being accepted in Scotland, or even of its being looked at, anterior to Disestablishment and as an alternative to religious equality. The bribe would be a good deal more naked, and therefore more repulsive, than those whose rejection

has already preceded it. But the fact that it has been proposed, even with this disadvantage, and proposed so influentially, will never be forgotten. We only wish that we could chronicle some indication of the same generosity—we will add, the same fairness and equity—on the part of the Church of England towards Wales. The northern kingdom has in this distinctly gained a step in the "race" which both have to run.

For the proposals thus made on the one side of Scottish politics are overlapped, and a good deal more than overlapped, by the anticipations of Liberalism on the other. Mr. Gladstone has never disguised his view that the stipends of the Scottish clergy may belong, morally, to their brethren outside equally with those who at present have the legal and honourable possession of them. But that has never made him forget, either, that the fund itself belongs to that Scottish people which now so manifestly reclaims it, or that the life-interests in it must be kept sacred for those who have dedicated their lives to sacred work in the Establishment. The absolute freedom on the part of the Kirk and its ministers to do with those interests as they like, to commute or not commute, to invest or not invest, to retain or not retain, will be an unshaken principle of any legislative dealing with the matter. There will be no suggestion that the proposal of Dr. Macgregor and Dr. Charteris, made for the position of Establishment, should be taken up by Parliament for the day after Disestablishment—ininitely more feasible as that alternative form of the project would in Scotland be. On the contrary, all the recent overtures from the Liberal side have been couched in a similar spirit of conciliation and generosity. Mr. Marjoribanks, in a series of able and instructive speeches in his own county of Berwick, has gone so far as to suggest that not only the churches and the life-interests, but the manse and the glebe, might be left permanently with the favoured section of the Presbyterian body. So far as the glebes are concerned, there may be difficulties about this; but the difficulty will not be from the grasping spirit of those outside, for it will be equally felt by those within. One great object in proposals from either party is to prevent parochial division and strife. Now there are parts of the country, notably in the Crofter Highlands, where the whole population of the parish happens to be Free Church, and where the earth-hunger, at present hovering over the useless tithes, has more distinctly fixed itself on the glebe. In the event of Disestablishment, it may be quite right that the present incumbent in such places, even where he has no congregation, should retain the parochial land on till the day of his death. But the proposal that such an anomalous state of matters should continue still longer, would probably be most earnestly objected to, when the hour at last struck, from membership within the Church now established.

For all such details, however, a time will come. What is satisfactory is that, at this juncture, the spirit of mutual self-sacrifice has met, and more than met, extending on either side far beyond the line which either party would, for itself, draw as the line of justice. In these circumstances we have no heart to point out the defects and drawbacks that exist in the clerical proposals. Both the present and future Moderator ignore the passion for religious equality which characterises the working-man elector in Scotland. And they forget that every Presbyterian Church in the world except their own has formally abjured those principles in their Scottish "standards" on which their establishment is founded—principles of combined persecution and privilege. They forget these things, and they still reject Disestablishment. But we honour men who, face to face with the latter, can propose not only to halve the tithes with their brethren, but the life-interests as well; and who support the call to self-abnegation with reasons as generous as those which Dr. Charteris has put forward.

THE VAGARIES OF CASTE.

THE proposal to abolish second-class carriages on our railways has caused a new social ferment. If we can believe some letters in the *Times*, second-class travellers are the salt of the community, and any scheme for their disestablishment is as pernicious as the political revolution to which the Duke of Argyll has discovered thirty-one objections. It is true that the champions of the second-class divide their clients into somewhat confusing categories. Here is "A Younger Son," with the traditional pathos of his tribe, who assures us that the second-class is "a quiet retreat" for "governesses and other ladies, and even peers' sisters and daughters" who seek a refuge from "the rowdy and drunken element." Is it possible that Parliament will break the "implied covenant" to divide passengers into first, second, and third class, and that "ladies and gentlemen of limited means" will be thrown without mercy into third-class society? Will not "respectable tradesmen and their families, bank and lawyers' clerks," rally to the support of younger sons against this monstrous innovation? There is at first sight an admirable breadth of mind in this classification. The younger son has no aristocratic pride. He does not mind travelling with respectable tradesmen, and in a spirit of subtle flattery he offers them a social equality with the sisters and daughters of peers. The worthy grocer's bosom may heave with exultation as he sits opposite the Lady Emmeline, and struggles with a refractory window-strap when she craves for more or less air. To make these joys more definite, the younger son might occasionally indicate the social status of the ladies in the compartment, so as to save the grocer from the mortification of discovering that he had lavished his courtesies on the governess instead of the peer's daughter. The Lady Emmeline, moreover, would be charmed to learn that the assiduous gentleman struggling with the window was a grocer and not a baker, for nothing would distress her more than to hurt his feelings by confusing an eye for sugar with a refined taste for flour. The younger son, too, would be glad to receive the condolences of the respectable tradesman on the blight of cruel fortune which makes sufferance the badge of the cadet.

But the ways of Parliament are devious, and it is only too probable that the "implied covenant" to preserve this happy family will not be admitted. The division of passengers into first, second, and third class, it may even be said, had nothing to do with a guarantee that the second-class compartment was to be the haven of aristocratic poverty and a small commercial independence. And why should it be assumed that in the third-class there is no communion of aristocrat and commoner, no younger son to shed the pale radiance of a family name, no estimable lady who is in touch with the highest circles?

What warrant is there for the suggestion that in the third-class only can you find the "drunken and rowdy element"? Citizens who beguile a railway journey with immoderate song, or the raptures of the wine-cup, cannot be sternly confined, even by Parliamentary covenants, to any particular class. Gentlemen with vine-leaves in their hair may be met even in the august recesses of a first-class carriage, and ladies have been known to risk their lives by standing on the first-class step, and clinging to the first-class door, in order to escape from unwelcome endearments. Some fastidious people have travelled third-class all their lives without perceiving rowdyism, drunkenness, or even disrespect; and it is possible that a peer's daughter or a respectable tradesman has not always found the second-class an inviolate sanctuary. The apparent democracy of the younger son is, therefore, rather questionable, and if he were employed by a railway company as a Commissioner to study third-class passengers over an extensive area the experience might broaden his views.

It would, of course, be a great simplification socially if everybody of the highest character and the largest means travelled first-class, and everybody of good family but limited means in the second-class, and if the third were reserved for persons of the worst reputation or the lowest connections.

But in these days there is such inextricable confusion of good and evil in society, of short purses and long, of unblemished breeding and the most outrageous manners, that the Legislature cannot sort them when they choose to travel. It would be delightful to step into a railway carriage, knowing that your particular social tone, habit of mind, and banker's balance would be appreciated by your fellow-travellers without a word of explanation. What comfort, too, there would be in the thought that in the first or second class everybody was quite as good as yourself, and that you all represented a solidarity of character and acquirements! Sometimes it would be refreshing to ride third-class, just to see the disturbance produced by your presence in a company quite beyond redemption. They would be envious and discontented at once, reminded here and there of better days, and not indisposed, it might be, before the end of the journey, to wish you in Tophet for a confounded, supercilious, intrusive fellow, with your airs of virtue from a superior world. Poor creatures! You would leave them with a pitying smile, and bless the dispensation which had recognised the "implied covenant" of a moral and social separation of the classes. But it must be admitted that this speculation does not commend itself to everyone. There are people who have not even attained the moderate enlightenment of the younger son. One of them lately complained of the confusion of social standing in the second-class. "I was going down to a country house and travelled second-class, and, bless my soul! I found on my arrival that I had been sitting opposite my host's footman! I really believe the fellow hesitated to touch his hat to me when he opened the door of the brougham at the station." What philosophy can heal such a wound as this? There is some self-esteem which could never be pacified after such an injury, even if the whole universe were reconstructed to make amends. It would be no use telling the humiliated grandee that, although the footman was opposite, a peer's sister was by his side. Such a statement, indeed, might merely unhinge his mind.

Yet it is worthy of notice by younger sons and others that this movement for the abolition of second-class is making no small impression on the railway companies through the expressive medium of their receipts. The second-class returns show a remarkable decline, the third-class an equally perceptible increase. The percentage in both cases may beget reflection even in the mind of a director with the most decided notions as to the delimitation of social frontiers. It is clear that the third-class passenger is becoming the mainstay of dividends. It is equally clear that year after year there is a small desertion from the first-class, a very large desertion from the second, and an immense number of recruits for the third. The growing popularity of foreign travel has probably something to do with this. English people abroad find that a journey third-class is cheap, and that it does not bring them into contact with social monsters. They return home with this new illumination, and discover that third-class passengers in England are very often as well-bred as the younger son. It may be utopian to hope that, when the second-class is abolished, there will be a great social amalgamation in the third, and that the younger son will be honourably smitten by the charms of the respectable tradesman's daughter; but, at least, the peer's sister will have an opportunity of softening the manners and touching the imagination of many of her travelling companions, who will be chastened and educated by the visionary coronet on her brow.

OF WHAT DID SHAKESPEARE DIE?

ALL that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, married and had children there, went to London, where he became an actor, wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried"—thus wrote Steevens about a hundred years ago. But we have moved since then: we have been assured, among other things, that Bacon wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare, and in ten years' time, no doubt, we shall discover that Shakespeare made restitution by writing the works commonly attributed to Bacon. It were a nice, kindly action, and worthy of the little we know about the Stratford man. But in the meanwhile, as M. Gêruzez remarks of the *Perceval* of Chrétien de Troyes, "nous verrons bien. S'il doit être dépossédé, nous aurons à louer un autre poète qui sera son égal." And assuming that Shakespeare did not write the plays, but merely the "Novum Organum," "Instauratio," "Advancement of Learning," "Essays," "Apophthegmata," and a few such trifles, still, we are anxious to know how he died.

Of what did Shakespeare die? The only substantial report we possess of his last illness is an entry in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, once a soldier in the Royalist army and afterwards vicar of Stratford-on-Avon. The date of this entry is 1663, and it says:—"Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted."

Now there is no fever, in any proper sense of the word, which can be contracted by drinking. Even after the symposia of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times* this remains pretty certain. It is not odd, therefore, that to explain the Rev. John Ward's text several theorists have girded up their loins; and in this present year of grace we have been presented with two very ingenious hypotheses, each of which demands attention. The one which we will take first appeared in the newspapers last week and comes from America, the home of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. This theory is that Shakespeare died of some respiratory lesion, and that weighing all the testimony, a jury of the present day might reasonably, at a crowner's quest, return a verdict of "Death from Pneumonia." Here is the working-out of this conclusion. (i.) The poet died at the age of fifty-two, a time of life when the mortality from pulmonary complaints is definitely increased in proportion to other causes. (ii.) He died in April, which in this country is a month of treacherous changes in temperature and in weather. (iii.) According to the Rev. Ward's diary, Shakespeare had just passed an interval of "excessive conviviality, and quite likely of deep intoxication." In other words, he was in a condition favourable to reckless personal exposure. Here are three factors which make for pneumonia, and the legend runs that at the last drinking-bout he contracted a fever from which he died. Fevers do not come in this way; pneumonias do. Lastly, the theorist refers us to the death-mask of Shakespeare's face, and finds the expression upon it is that of a man who has died of pneumonia. "Sudden violent death," he says, "arrests the muscles in their last contraction. From the soldier's half-parted lips the oath or battle-cry seems just to have sped. . . . The expression of lingering or wasting disease touches the physiognomy differently; death stands so near, so long, that the body becomes accustomed to his presence, and he is not unwelcome. At the end his hand is often gentle, and the features of the dead simply betoken placid rest." But in pneumonia death comes laboriously: "towards the end the expression of the face becomes like that of one who is toiling under a burden breathlessly and without rest. The close of life is the first pause from utter weariness and exhaustion." And this face of suffering is that which the death-mask keeps for us: that which has been taken for a look of ineffable sadness

is the true pneumonic physiognomy—the look of one who has been tired—painfully tired to death. This is the transatlantic theory: and it seems almost flippant to add, by way of confirmation, that Bacon, too, was carried off by an accidental chill. Still it is worth remembering: for it is something to be sure that, whoever wrote *Hamlet*, he died of a lung-complaint.

The structure of the other hypothesis, which was put forward, early this year, by Mr. J. F. Nisbet in a remarkable book called “The Insanity of Genius” (Ward & Downey), can hardly be examined with adequacy in the limits of an article: for it rests, to begin with, upon a vast amount of evidence by which scientific inquirers have, all against their will, convinced themselves that Genius is closely related to Insanity, and that in reality these two are but different results of a deceased cerebro-spinal system. For proof of this the layman may be referred not only to Mr. Nisbet’s book, but to Lombroso’s monograph on “The Man of Genius,” a translation of which has recently been added to Mr. Walter Scott’s “Contemporary Science Series.” Without the help of indirect evidence accumulated in these two books it will be impossible to give Mr. Nisbet’s theory its due weight. But we will briefly state it.

Shakespeare’s family was weakly. Of his seven brothers and sisters the average life was but twenty-eight years. That the poet’s own health broke down at forty-eight, or thereabouts—about the same period as his father’s—may be inferred from the curious fact that although in March, 1612-13, he purchased a dwelling-house in Blackfriars, about the close of the same year he made up his mind to retire definitely to Stratford, where in a little more than three years he died. There is no evidence that after this forty-eighth year he wrote a single line. Now, as Mr. Nisbet says, “without some overpowering physical cause, the *cacoëties scribendi* of a born poet is not in the ordinary course of things to be suppressed at forty-eight.” Turning now to the Rev. John Ward’s Diary, Mr. Nisbet points out that the “merry meeting” with Drayton and Ben Jonson probably took place about February 10th, when Shakespeare’s daughter Judith was married to Thomas Quincy, and it is extremely unlikely on any medical hypothesis that it could be the cause of the poet’s death, two months and a half later. “What the facts really point to is this—that shortly after the merry meeting Shakespeare had an illness of some sort, attributed by the gossips to his drinking bout, but not of a sufficiently serious character to raise any question of the will, and that on March 25th the attack was so suddenly renewed that death was thought to be imminent.” A draft will, drawn up in the previous January, was brought to his bedside, a few alterations were made on the spur of the moment, and Shakespeare signed it. It was evident that Shakespeare had an attack of something which was thought to be extremely dangerous and the end was expected hourly, or why was the will signed in its draft form, when the preparation of a clean copy would only have been the matter of an hour or two. Yet Shakespeare lived on for four weeks after signing. This does not point to typhus fever (the old hypothesis of Mr. Halliwell Phillips and others), for the early symptoms of that disease are not of a character that would have induced a methodical lawyer to have a draft will signed *talis qualis*. But on the face of it, this illness looks like successive shocks of nerve disorder—the first slight, the second serious and so shattering that death ensued in a month. Moreover, in the previous January, when ordering the bequests to be made to his nephews, the children of Joan, Shakespeare was unable to recollect the name of the second boy, Thomas, whom he was doubtless in the habit of seeing every day. A blank was left in the draft accordingly. This lapse is significant, an infirmity of memory being the almost invariable precursor of paralysis or apoplexy.

All this, however, is but a sample or two of

the evidence by which Mr. Nisbet arrives at his hypothesis that Shakespeare died of some nervous seizure. And in our opinion it holds the field. But whether we assent to it or to the American hypothesis of a pulmonary disease, it is quite certain that the old typhus fever theory is done for.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XLVII.—SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE EDGWARE ROAD.

BETWEEN the line of barrows on one side of the pavement and the shops on the other side the crowd is so dense that one must walk slowly. For to-morrow will be Sunday and many have come marketing to-night; Saturday, too, is pay-day and there is money to spend. The air is filled with the hoarse cries of the most energetic salesmen in the world. The flaring lamps on the stalls and the superior gas of the shops make here a little brilliant tunnel through the large darkness; the noisy triumphs and troubles of buyers and sellers, the heavy rumble and swift whirr of passing traffic, the discord of passionate cornet and sentimental concertina, contrast with the great silence that hovers overhead. The crowd elbows its way along—alert, busy, basket-laden, interesting. Here are two girls, arm-in-arm, talking noisily, with large dyed feathers in their hats. Girls that walk and talk that way always wear these feathers. Three old women have met at a street corner, and two of them are in fiendishly bad tempers. “‘Ev yer bought yer meat?” inquires the first, managing in some indefinable way to make the question sound like an insult.

“Yes, I ‘ev bought my meat,” answers the second with reserved bitterness.

“Lessee.”

“I ‘ont.”

Attack and retort follow in quick succession. The third old woman, who has a tame-rabbit-like face, shakes her head sadly: “‘Ow you tew do carry on! Afore I’d give way to myself like that I’d—I’d—I’d do suthin’.” She is unpopular, as the didactic generally are. A little further on is a brilliant redecoat; Thomas Atkins is shedding the glory of his society on a mere civilian, and the civilian looks pleased. There are boys, inevitable boys, dodging one another in the throng and colliding freely with everybody else. On the outskirts of the crowd a thin blind woman is seated in the shadow, she is reading a Bible in raised characters, very slowly, syllable by syllable; she has not a large audience, but Joolyer has laid a detaining hand on Awthur’s arm, and the two listen for a moment. “That allers do seem to me so wun’ful,” says Joolyer, with a pensive expression on her florid face. “An’ don’t she do it bewtiful, too?” Awthur agrees with some hesitation; he is genial, patronising, and slightly fatuous. “Well, mebbly, I’ve seen that kind o’ thing—well—pretty frequent, I might say.” Joolyer does not press the point; her attention has been attracted elsewhere. “Look ‘ere, Awthur—one o’ them niggers with a storrrat and a banjo. Kim-malong.” The nigger takes up his position at the entrance to a public-house with plenty of light upon him. Words and tune are recognisable:—

“Dere’s wha my heart is turning ebber
Dere’s wha de old folks stay.”

“‘Ow that does remoid me!” says Joolyer, sentimentally. Pleasant things are pleasantest in the memory. “You ain’t forgotten yet that night in May, down at the Welsh ‘Arp which is ‘Endon way,” sings Mr. Chevalier.

The nigger bases his appeal to our charity on the fact that he has made music, and blacked his face. Another man supplements his cornet with the statement that he is blind. A third can plead not only that he has lost one arm but that he turns a mechanical piano with the other. In an age of

competition we have, apparently, to eke out our attainments with our afflictions.

But this crowd has not come out to-night merely with a view to distribute largess and suffer tunes. Barrows mean business. On one of them a small scaffolding has been erected from which rows of skinned rabbits are swinging, shining, unseemly, unspeakably blue. Oysters are to be purchased at sixpence a dozen; a monstrous melon may be bought for threepence, and a coker-nut for twopence. Other stalls offer to us wherewithal we may be clothed; on one are displayed collars and shirt-fronts; at another, the salesman is pleading with eloquence, with pathos, with all the resources of the dramatic art, the advantages of braces. "Some on yer," he says, and there are tears in his voice, "wear belts. Sooner or later, if yur continyer so doin', you'll get cramp in the lines. I appeal to any medical man 'ere present to say if that is not true." At this point he flings back his head proudly, and pauses in defiant silence looking a little like Landseer's Stag at Bay. Then his voice drops to low yet penetrating tones, as he holds forth a sample of his goods. "Shall I say a shillin' for these?—'and-sewn leather, not brown paper—solid work; observe 'ow they stretches! I will not ask a shillin'. For this one night and never agin, I offer 'em at sixpence a pair. Your lawst chance, gem'men!" Of course, science has its place among these barrows. A mild, beneficent, clean-shaven old man holds up a glass containing some clear magenta-coloured liquid. It represents the human blood. He pours a drop or two from another bottle into it, and the clear liquid becomes cloudy, changes colour, and is offensive to the smell. The crowd around test this latter point eagerly. This experiment, we are told, shows the effect of nicotine on the human blood. Smokers among the man's audience look at one another dubiously. Can such things be? But there is hope for them. The old man adds something from another bottle and the liquid once more becomes clear, brilliant, magenta. This illustrates the effect of a certain smoking mixture, compounded of many herbs, all polysyllabic, which the old man is now prepared to sell in packets; a little of it mixed with tobacco kills the nicotine and renders it innocuous. Some little distance away an old woman is the proprietor of a model, lit by scraps of candle, and bearing an inscription; "Kind friends, this is the handiwork of my deceased husband, which represents a gold mine. By paying a penny the figures will work, and you will receive a planet of your fortune." She is not doing very good business; a man with a barrow-load of caged birds is doing better. "The air's a bit sharpish, else he'd be singin' now," he says of one yellow bird. "Sings fit to bust 'isself, 'e does. And quality! Any fancier 'ud pick that bird out among a thousand." It seems possible to sell almost anything in the Edgware Road on Saturday night, provided that the price is low. Cheapness has a greater attraction than desirability.

THREE PECULIARLY FRENCH BOOKS.

THE other day an ingenious critic, pleading the cause of what, had he been a pedant, he might have called the cause of autochthonism in literature, said that Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Group of Noble Dames" was a failure because Mr. Hardy had tried to be French. The conclusion of the matter was, if we remember rightly, that the English novelist, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, should remain an Englishman. But suppose Mr. Hardy had succeeded in his attempt: what sort of a Frenchman would he have been? Amid a number of lurid possibilities, one vision suggests itself, more frightful than the rest. Mr. Hardy might have been like M. Jean Richepin! Instead of the bundle of short stories, discreetly fleshly, which he actually

produced, he might have given us such a bundle as M. Richepin's "Cauchemars" (Paris: Charpentier), wherein we see the result of being triumphantly French, without effort. It is vastly embarrassing to have to review a work of M. Richepin's. One cannot quote him because his—what shall we say?—his Villonisms, his Pantagruelisms, are not buried in the decent obscurity of an archaic idiom. And yet one cannot do justice to this virtuoso in the art of calling spades by a very much plainer name than spades, without quotation. M. Richepin's case is peculiar. He is not the little boy of literature who chalks naughty words on shutters and then runs away. Nor is his nastiness like Swift's, the outcome of a morbid temperament, an affair of pathology. Nor is it like Whitman's, a thing of serious purpose, one mode among many of illustrating the precept, *naturam sequere*. It is rather a symptom of intellectual revolt, the reaction of a man of severe academic training (M. Richepin has been called "un Normalien exaspéré") against the classic proprieties, the martinet discipline of the schools. I am sick, one seems to hear him perpetually saying, of your kid-glove ideals, your perpetual prating about "good form," and "things not convenient." What! Here are racy French words as old as the language, admirably descriptive of certain fundamental appetites and actions of human nature, and yet, forsooth, you pretend that they are "unmentionable to ears polite!" Then I will mention them, nay I will shout them at the top of my voice; I will fill whole pages with them. And he does. Whether he only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases, or whether it is his way of "going Fanti," of letting off the steam in public which many respectable men of letters are accustomed (see, for instance, the De Goncourts' account of the table-talk at the "Diner Magny") to let off in private, it matters not. "Cauchemars," like the rest of his work, is choke-full of things not convenient. Very clever things they are, too—vivid, powerful, stirring things: there is no denying it. No grown man will be revolted by the coarseness of these things; he will whisper a *nil humani alienum* to himself and read on (though he will be discomposed should another glance at the page over his shoulder, as, you remember, Charles Lamb was discomposed in a like predicament on Primrose Hill). It is the heartlessness of the things that will revolt him. Coarseness and brutality in literature have often been palliated by a certain pity, an underlying sympathy, a conviction that, while the *bête à quatre pattes* within us must not go undescribed, it must be treated more in sorrow than in anger as part of the grim Human Tragedy. M. Richepin seems curiously deficient in this feeling; he describes the horrible, the loathsome, the Mr. Hyde in man, with a sort of relish. Take his account, or so much of it as is quotable, of Mistress Anne Greenfield in the story "Jéroboam." "Pour peu dire, elle était hideuse." (Here another man would have stopped, but M. Richepin goes on.) "Sa chevelure, raide quoique peu abondante, arborait la couleur nationale du half-and-half" (M. Richepin is rather proud of his English), "mais d'un half-and-half trouble et comme déjà bu à plusieurs reprises. Son teint à la fois terreux et couperosé, semblait avoir été pétri de sable où l'on aurait émietté de la brique. Ses dents, longues et projetées en avant, avaient l'air de vouloir s'arracher de leurs alvéoles, pour fuir cette bouche sans lèvres, dont l'haleine sulfureuse les jaunissait. On comprenait que les malheureuses se faisaient de la bile, là-dedans." And so horrors on horror's head accumulate. Of the more decent chapters in the book, "Vieille Baderne," a detective story, is not much above the level of Gaboriau, and "Le Malais," an opium-eating story, is a good deal below the level of De Quincey.

M. George Bonnamour, the author of "Représailles" (Paris: Savine), has been described as a rising young novelist by the very newest dispenser of literary reputations, M. Maurice Barrès. Like many another rising young novelist, M. Bonnamour

has not yet realised himself; this, his second, novel seems compounded of reminiscences, in about equal portions, of M. Guy de Maupassant and M. Paul Bourget. The scenes of the inner life of a big Boulevard newspaper (and a very queer life that seems to be, if the novelists are to be trusted—but perhaps it is only their fun) suggest several well-known descriptions in "Bel-Ami," while the enthusiastic catalogues of luxurious upholstery are obviously Bourget at second-hand. M. Bourget does these Tottenham-Court-Road raptures very well; but in his imitators they become a little tedious. As for M. Bonnamour, he might have been, like Molière's father, a *valet-tapisier*. Is his married heroine about to prove—in our forefathers' phrase—"kind" to an importunate admirer? Then we have an inventory of all the furniture which decorates the scene of her kindness—"le coquet boudoir tendu d'un lampas gris çà et là fleuri de touffes de lilas," "précieux tapis," "la lourde portière chinoise de soie vert pâle brodée d'or," and all the rest of it. Does the lover begin to weary of his mistress? Then we are spared no detail of the scene of his weariness: "la lampe à globe rose," "quelques rares bibelots rapportés de voyages," "deux mignons coffrets russes en malachite," "une délicieuse statuette de marbre d'un artiste inconnu," etc. etc. Why so much insistence on these *Persicos apparatus*? Are we to be reminded of the old observation about the camel and the eye of a needle, and to conclude that purple and fine linen are incompatible with virtue? It would seem so, for M. Bonnamour's heroine, though virtuously inclined, finds the elegant furniture and nick-nacks too much for her, and succumbs—"early and often." She will not, to be sure, admit it is the furniture; she says it is by way of "reprisal" for her husband's infidelity. In fact, she successfully carries out the "eye for eye, tooth for tooth" doctrine of conjugal relationship which the heroine of M. Dumas's *Françillon* preaches but fails to practise. The most amusing things in M. Bonnamour's book are the thinly disguised sketches of some well-known men of letters. "Le vieux Harlay, Normalien convaincu, partout malmené, blagué, pour l'étroitesse de ses idées, son inintelligence que rachetait seule une entière bonne foi," is, of course, M. Sarcy. "Mireille, le feuilletoniste de la *Discussion*, sorti de Normale, lui aussi, mais se posant en face de Harlay comme un représentant de la nouvelle école," who "caressait sa barbe blonde, assurait l'équilibre de son lorgnon, d'une main, de l'autre avec un joli geste de conférencier mondain soulignait ses phrases comme autant de pichenettes," is Lemaître of the *Débats*. Young literary hawks are given to pecking out older hawks' een.

Of "La Gynandre," by M. Joséphin Péladan—otherwise known as "Sar" or "Mage" Péladan—(Paris: Dentu), one can only say that its subject is unspeakable. If it were not for the recollection of certain volumes by the Marquis de Sade, one would have added—unthinkable. Sade literature does not cease to be an outrage because it is made half-incomprehensible by Neo-Cabalistic tomfoolery. De Sade was a madman; it is to be hoped, for the credit of sane humanity, that "Sar" Péladan is mad, too.

THE SUBJECT.

THIS week, there is no exhibition calling imperatively for notice, and we shall be able to aestheticise at our leisure. The opportunity has come to devote an entire article to a matter to which I have made frequent allusion in these columns—the importance that the subject has acquired in modern art. For the due comprehension of my art criticism, it is necessary that I should say what I have to say on this point. For it is to the illegitimate importance that the subject has acquired in modern art that I attribute the decline of painting.

By the subject, I mean the love of the anecdote instead of *l'idée plastique*. Once the subject is admitted as the chief or, indeed, as an interest, art instantly begins to decay; and from this first evil there springs an entire set of new evils—exactness of costume, truth of effect, truth historical or pictorial, and then, last and supreme evil of all, local colour. Once arrived at local colour, art must stop, art is over and done. Once logic is introduced into art there is no reason why it should stop in its merciless deductions, and it does not stop. We go on getting things right until we find that everything is wrong. I wonder if Mr. Alma-Tadema has ever looked at art from this side? I hope not, for his own peace of mind. I wonder if it ever happened to him to remember that great art does not reason? Great art conceives, dreams, sees, feels, expresses—but reasons never.

In the beginning the beauty of man was the artist's single theme. Science had not then relegated man to his exact place in creation; he reigned triumphant, Nature appearing, if at all, only as a kind of aureole. The Egyptian, the Greek, and the Roman artists saw nothing, and cared for nothing, except man; the representation of his beauty, his power, and his grandeur was their whole desire, whether they carved or painted their intention, and I may say the result was the same. The painting of Apelles could not have differed from the sculpture of Phidias; painting was not then separated from her elder sister. In the early ages there was but one art; even in Michael Angelo's time the difference between painting and sculpture was so slight as to be hardly worth considering. Is it possible to regard the "Last Judgment" as anything else but a coloured bas-relief, more complete and less perfect than the Greeks? Michael Angelo's artistic outlook was the same as Phidias'. One chose the "Last Judgment" and the other "Olympus," but both subjects were looked at from the same point of view. In each instance the question asked was—what opportunity do they afford for the display of marvellous human form? And when Michael Angelo carved the "Moses" and painted the "St. Jerome" he was as deaf and blind as any Greek to all other consideration save the opulence and the magic of drapery, the vehemence and the splendour of muscle. Nearly two thousand years had gone by and the artistic outlook had not changed at all; three hundred years have passed since Michael Angelo, and in those three hundred years what revolution has not been effected? How different our æstheticism, our aims, our objects, our desires, our aspiration, and how different our art!

After Michael Angelo painting and sculpture became separate arts: sculpture declined, and colour filled the whole artistic horizon. But this change was the only change; the necessities of the new medium had to be considered; but the Italian and Venetian painters continued to view life and art from the same side. Michael Angelo chose his subjects merely because of the opportunities they offered for the delineation of form. Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese chose theirs merely for the opportunities they offered for the display of colour. A new medium of expression had been discovered, and that was all. The themes of their pictures were taken from the Bible, if you will, but the scenes they represented with so much pomp of colour were seen by them through the mystery of legend, and the vision was again sublimated by naïve belief and primitive aspiration.

The stories of the Old and New Testaments were not anecdotes; faith and ignorance had raised them above the anecdote, and they had become epics, whether by intensity of religious belief—as in the case of the monk of Fiesole—whether by being given sublime artistic form—for paganism was not yet dead in the world—witness Leonardo, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto. To these painters Biblical subjects were a mere pretext for representing man in all his

attributes; and when the same subjects were treated by the Venetians, they were transformed in a pomp of colour, and by an absence of all true colour and contempt for history and chronology became epical and fantastical. It is only necessary to examine any one of the pictures of the great Venetians to see that they bestowed hardly a thought on the subject of their pictures. When Titian painted the "Entombment of Christ," what did he see? A contrast—a white body, livid and dead, carried by full-blooded, red-haired Italians, who wept, and whose sorrow only served to make them more beautiful. That is how he understood a subject. The desire to be truthful was not very great, nor was the desire to be new much more marked; to be beautiful was the first and last letter of a creed of which we know very little to-day.

Art died in Italy, and the subject had not yet appeared; and at the end of the sixteenth century the first painters of the great Dutch school were born, and before 1650 a new school, entirely original, having nothing in common with anything that had gone before, had formulated its aestheticism and produced masterpieces. In these masterpieces we find no suspicion of anything that might be called a subject; the absence of subject is even more conspicuous in the Dutchmen than in the Italians. In the Italian painters the subject passed unperceived in a pomp of colour or a Pagan apotheosis of humanity; in the Dutchmen it is dispensed with altogether. No longer do we read of miracles or martyrdoms, but of the most ordinary incidents of every-day life. Turning over the first catalogue to hand of Dutch pictures, I read: "View of a plain, with shepherd, cows, and sheep in the foreground"; "The white Horse in the Riding School"; "A Lady Playing the Virginal"; "Peasants Drinking Outside a Tavern"; "Peasants Drinking in a Tavern"; "Peasants Gambling Outside a Tavern"; "Brick-making in a Landscape"; "The Wind-mill"; "The Water-mill"; "Peasants Bringing Home the Hay." And so on, and so on. If we meet with a military skirmish, we are not told where the skirmish took place, nor what troops took part in the skirmish. "A Skirmish in a Rocky Pass" is all the information that is vouchsafed to us. Italian art is invention from end to end, in Dutch art no slightest trace of invention is to be found; one art is purely imaginative, the other is plainly realistic; and yet, at an essential point, the two arts coincide; in neither does the subject prevail; and if Dutch art is more truthful than Italian art, it is because they were unimaginative, stay-at-home folk, whose feet did not burn for foreign travel, and whose only resource was, therefore, to reproduce the life around them, and into that no element of curiosity could come. For their whole country was known to them; even when they left their native town they still continued to paint what they had seen since they were little children.

And like Italian, Dutch art died before the subject had appeared. It was not until the end of the seventeenth century that the subject really began to make itself felt, and, like the potato blight or phyloxera, it soon became clear that it had come to stay. I think Greuze was the first to conceive a picture after the fashion of a scene in a play—I mean those domestic dramas which he invented, and in which the interest of the subject so clearly predominates—"The Prodigal Son," for instance. In this picture we have the domestic drama set forth exactly as a stage manager would set it forth. The indignant father, rising from table, prepares to anathematise the repentant son who stands on the threshold, the weeping mother begs forgiveness for her son, the elder girl advances shyly, the younger children play with their toys, and the serving-girl drops the plate of meat which she is bringing in. And ever since the subject has taken first place in the art of France, England, and Germany, and in like measure as the subject made itself felt so did art decline. A glance at any catalogue—French or English—published in the present century, will

abundantly prove my contention. And how strangely these catalogues read when compared with the simplicity of a catalogue of Dutch pictures! In the French and English catalogues painting appears in an inferior capacity, a sort of attendant on literature, having for mission the task of calling the attention of the ignorant and the casual to what had already been expressed.

For the last hundred years painters seem to have lived in libraries rather than in studios. All literatures and all the sciences have been pressed into the service of painting. This weakling needs every support, and an Academy catalogue is in itself a liberal education. In any one you can read choice extracts from the Bible, from Shakespeare, from Goethe, from Dante. From one catalogue you can dip into Greek and Latin literature, history—ancient and modern—you can learn something of all mythologies—Pagan, Christian, and Hindoo; if your taste lies in the direction of Icelandic legends, you will not be disappointed in your sixpennyworth. For the last hundred years the painter would seem to have neglected nothing except to learn how to paint. G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"LORD ANERLEY"—"GLORIANA."

IS the St. James's to become the classic home of drawing-room melodrama? After *The Idler*, which showed us Mr. Herbert Waring, who had killed a fellow-brawler in California, converted into a sleek M.P. and Baronet, comes *Lord Anerley*, wherein we see Mr. George Alexander, after figuring in desperate bowie-knife encounters in a South American corral, gracefully posturing in evening dress as the son of an English earl. These startling contrasts appear to be much in vogue with simple-minded playgoers. But do not let any arrogant modern flatter himself that this is an instance in which "art has got on." For of the three leading "motives" into which Aristotle resolved all tragic plots, this one of change of fortune, *περιπέτεια*, was the first. It is, then, an appetite of very respectable antiquity which the authors of the new St. James's play, Mr. Henry Hamilton and the late Mr. Mark Quinton, sought to gratify in transforming their hero from José the Gaucho into Lord Anerley. Apart from this attraction, drawing-room melodrama will always have charms for the burges mind; it offers the ravishing spectacle of well-dressed crime, the rude passions of primeval war insurgent under an immaculate shirt-front, and knocking over costly furniture by the best West-End makers. It flatters the senet vanity of the *bourgeois*, for it shows him men who are outwardly the envied of this world—men who get their coats in Savile Row and their glossy hats in Piccadilly—monsters of villainy by contrast with himself, who is rigged out in Houndsditch. It gratifies the *goût du bibelot* innate in all of us, for it offers us—chafing at the sordidness of our own cheap and nasty "interiors"—the vicarious enjoyment of Morris tapestries and Chippendale of the best period. Outward elegance and inward turpitude, vulgar emotions glazed with refinement: these are the delights afforded by "Another Scandal in High Life" of the evening newspapers, by the novels of M. Georges Ohnet, and by drawing-room melodramas such as *Lord Anerley*.

It is not only in their *περιπέτεια* that the authors of this play are orthodox Aristotelians; they are possessed with the Master's conviction of the supreme importance of plot. If there exist a more elaborate plot than theirs, I do not know it. Nor do I want to know it. Indeed, I wish I did not know theirs, for it has given me a headache. Take their first Act as a sample, and see if it does not make your head ache, too. Rupert Lee, "known as José the Gaucho," and Hervey Lester, "known as Miguel," are sitting at supper in a corral "on the

plains near Buenos Ayres," and swopping autobiographies. They have both escaped from prison, where Rupert Lee has been confined for having murdered a man in San Antonio. The name of this town is for ever endeared to me by an anecdote of Mr. Joseph Jefferson's about a gentleman who, playing *Richard III.* in the theatre there, and attempting the scene wherein Richard woos the Lady Anne, was interrupted by a friend in the pit with, "Don't you believe him, marm; he has two Mexican wives in San Antonio." But this is a digression, and, as a matter-of-fact, the murder in San Antonio was not committed by Rupert Lee, but by another Englishman, very like him, who is to be identified by a scar on the right arm. Hervey Lester's history is much simpler: he is a *çi-devant* burglar, who has come West after outwitting a London detective, one Travers. (Note, in passing, that Lee's story includes the second and third of Aristotle's tragedy-formulas, namely, the "recognition" plot—the scar on the Englishman's right arm being the same sort of *σμεῖον* as Orestes' lock of hair—and the "unmerited misfortune" plot. There is no getting away, you see, from the Master.) To them enters a bearded stranger in a hurry. The stranger, it appears, is an Englishman, Lord Anerley, who has just stabbed his wife in Buenos Ayres, and burnt the conjugal roof over her corpse. Close upon his track comes—who do you think?—why, who else but Travers, the detective? To assume a disguise and outwit Travers is for Lord Anerley the work of a moment. He has only to shave off his beard and don a suit of Rupert Lee's, and the detective is baffled. But not so Rupert Lee, who is astonished to find that, shaved, Lord Anerley is *very like himself*. Has he the *σμεῖον*, the scar on the right arm? He has. Then Lord Anerley is the mysterious Englishman of San Antonio! There is a cry of "Revenge! ha! ha!" and out come the bowie knives. Worst of in the encounter, Lord Anerley is spared by Rupert Lee—only to be treacherously done to death by Hervey Lester. And now, says Hervey Lester to Rupert Lee, your course is clear. Lord Anerley is dead; you are his living image; go to England and personate him. Which course Rupert Lee unhesitatingly agrees to adopt. (Why? He is represented as an honest, if unfortunate, man. Hervey Lee has no hold on him. Why does he so readily undertake this imposture? Because there would be no play if he did not—an insufficient reason.) And even now I have not told you all the plot of the first act. I have not told you why Detective Travers came to South America. But your headache has probably begun.

Act II. lets you off easily. It is concerned with nothing more complicated than the arrival of Rupert Lee at the ancestral home of the Anerleys, where he has no difficulty in passing himself off on the aged and blind Lord Edgehill as his lordship's son and heir. But there is promise of further complications, for just as the curtain is falling a visitor for Lord Edgehill is announced—Mr. Travers. And in the next act the complication (not to mention your headache) gets worse than ever. Aristotle little thought what we moderns would have to endure from his insistence on the supreme importance of plot. Briefly, this is what happens: Rupert Lee, now known as Lord Anerley, has married Lord Edgehill's ward; Hervey Lester is blackmailing him; Detective Travers is somewhere about. Finally Nemesis arrives from Buenos Ayres in the person of Terecita, the real Lord Anerley's wife, not dead after all. She has come to wreak vengeance on Lord Anerley, not only for having tried to murder her in Buenos Ayres, but for having killed her lover, Rupert Lee. (Heavens! In my account of the first act I forgot to tell you that Lee was in love with Lord Anerley's wife, and that she supposed, like everybody else, that it was he who was killed in the corral by Lord Anerley instead of *vice versa*—no, not *vice versa*, for Lord Anerley was killed by Hervey Lester—how is your headache

now?) Judge of Terecita's surprise when, confronted with Lord Anerley, she finds that he is not Lord Anerley, but (like Homer in Lewis Carroll's anecdote) "another man of the same name," Rupert Lee, in fact! And here's a pretty dilemma for Lee! He can only keep up his imposture by acknowledging Terecita as Lady Anerley, and so disgracing his adored wife. If he renounces Terecita, he confesses himself an impostor to his wife, and so, either way, loses her love.

The fourth act gets him out of his difficulties by a device which you will never guess. You will remember that I put off telling you why Detective Travers went to America. It was on behalf of Lord Edgehill, to find that nobleman's unacknowledged son by a first marriage. The son is Rupert Lee, who thus, all the time he has been personating Lord Anerley, really *was* Lord Anerley, without knowing it—an ingenious notion the playwrights confess to having borrowed from a French novel "*Le Duc de Kandos*." And so Terecita and Hervey Lester retire baffled, while Rupert, Lord Anerley, obtains his father's blessing and retains his wife's affection. At this happy ending "morality" (as Charles Surface says in the Screen-Scene) "is dumb," for it is not clear how a man ceases to be an impostor because he proves to have unwittingly told the truth when he meant to tell a lie. But if drawing-room melodrama is to suggest points in the casuistry of lying, I fear your head will ache more than ever. So I forbear. All the St. James's players—Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Herbert Waring, Miss Marion Terry and Miss Gertrude Kingston—acquit themselves with ease, finish, and the air appropriate to a drama of this kind, the air *de croire que c'est arrivé*. If only I could believe it too!

A new play at the Globe, *Gloriana*, is put forward by its author, Mr. James Mortimer, as a modern version (through *Le Truc d'Arthur*, of MM. Chivot and Duru) of a very old and a very famous play—nothing less than *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard* of Marivaux. But it is Marivaux with all the *marivaudage* left out. Only the plot—turning on that very favourite seventeenth-century stage-trick, an exchange of names and costumes between master and lackey, mistress and waiting-woman—remains; and plot of this sort has nowadays an air of strangeness outside the region of comic opera. Mr. Mortimer's farce offers, however, one or two amusing quarters of an hour, especially when Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. W. H. Vernon, or Miss Lydia Cowell is on the stage.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

As a rule a publishing season is like a bison, beginning with a massive head of books, then dwindling away to nothing at the tail. The autumn season of 1891, however, came in tail first, and is now going out brandishing its big skull with "Life's Handicap" and "The Little Minister" glowing in its eyes, and LECKY and RUSKIN transfixing on either horn. Which end of him shall appear again next spring after his hibernation, who can tell? Meantime the toy beasts, gift-books for men and women and boys and girls, are being groomed for the winter season, and charming creatures many of them are. But there will be plenty of time before Christmas to detect the real live animals that always get smuggled in among the toy ones. We should like, at present, abandoning these zoological and nursery figures, to glance at the books of past years that still retain places in the publishers' popular lists. Not that we think it an invariably wise custom to read an old book whenever the reviewers recommend a new one. On the contrary, it is a much better plan to read the new book and the old one too, and we imagine such is the habit of most readers who are at that stage of existence called the prime of life.

Young people prefer old books, because they are new to them; and old people prefer new books, because they wish to be young; between thirty and fifty, people are contented with themselves, and are equally pleased with both old and new.

WE have long wished to examine what works of older living writers and of writers who have died within the last thirty years still keep the field. There can be no difficulty in arriving at a just conclusion; books which are regularly advertised have a steady sale. With those works of which sixpenny editions are to be found on all the book-stalls, such as the novels of LYTTON and AINSWORTH, we are not going to concern ourselves. This does not exclude DICKENS and THACKERAY, as only two or three of their books have reached the sixpenny edition. Our statistics are gathered from the advertisement columns of the last fifteen numbers of the *Athenæum* and the *Publishers' Circular*.

BRIEFLY, then, MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co. advertised the works of THACKERAY, and of BROWNING and MRS. BROWNING five times; of the BRONTËS, MATTHEW ARNOLD and LESLIE STEPHEN four times; of SIR ARTHUR HELPS, MRS. GASKELL, and LEIGH HUNT thrice. MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. advertised the works of MR. WILLIAM BLACK seven times; of MESSRS. HARDY and BLACKMORE six times. MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT advertised the works of MRS. CRAIK and MRS. OLIPHANT eight times, and MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL the works of DICKENS thrice. MESSRS. SIMPKIN & Co. advertised the novels of MISS BRADDON twice only, but on each occasion they had a page to themselves. MRS. HENRY WOOD's novels (BENTLEY) were also only advertised twice, but they had an entire column each time. Most space, then, was given to these two ladies and to MR. WILLIAM BLACK, who had a whole page to himself on one occasion.

IN the periodicals we examined MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co., MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co., MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS, and MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SON advertised only their new books and educational works; still, the absence of MR. FROUDE's, of CARDINAL NEWMAN's, and of GEORGE ELIOT's books during more than a quarter of a year from those very important advertising mediums must be taken as significant. TENNYSON, we presume, needs no advertisement, and DICKENS very little; but the same cannot be said of CARLYLE, who is absent from MESSRS. CHAPMAN's list. RUSKIN, of course, appears in every advertisement of MR. GEORGE ALLEN'S. We were agreeably surprised to find the works of DE QUINCEY advertised thrice by MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK, and also at the space given to MR. and MRS. BROWNING.

It would not do to make too much of these statistics, as they are based on a very small proportion of the advertisement space occupied by publishers mentioned. Broadly, they seem to indicate what we have been led in other ways to believe with regard to the popularity of the various writers; and the statement of them has at least served to draw attention to the vast amount of splendid literature published during the last two or three generations, and affords the opportunity of reminding those who intend to give books as Christmas presents that there are old books as well as new ones. The Irishman declared that "one man was as good as another, and a good deal better." We are afraid this is often the idea of the purchaser of gift-books about literary works, that which is bought becoming immediately "a great deal better." It is easy to be deceived by the vogue of an inferior new book. In making the gift an old book and a new

one the donor can always be certain that part of it is worth giving and worth having.

FEW people who have not been there are aware, we imagine, of the extent and nature of the New Zealand Alpine chain. And yet there are feats awaiting the enterprising climber, notably a mountain to ascend, called Aorangi, over twelve thousand feet high, the summit of which has never been attained by man. How MESSRS. MANNERING and DIXON attempted the ascent five times may be read in "With Axe and Rope in the New Zealand Alps" (LONGMANS). They attained a point at least as high up as anyone is ever likely to reach, for being on the ice-cap of Aorangi is like being on the topmost rung of a ladder, and yet not upon the projections above that step.

ANOTHER volume of travels published by MESSRS. LONGMANS this week is about Ceylon as it was fourteen years ago; about Ceylon as it is now; also about Brunei, a very ancient part of Borneo, and about North Borneo, which is, to all appearance, a brand-new place. "About Ceylon and Borneo" is by MR. W. J. CLUTTERBUCK. Both these volumes of travel are well illustrated.

TWO novels of ALEXANDER KIELLAND have been translated into English; but although in Norway he ranks with IBSEN and BJÖRNSEN, he cannot be said to have attained any wide celebrity in this country. Doubtless that is because he is much younger than the other two, having come to the front in literature fully twenty years later than they. Under the title of "Tales of Two Countries" (OSGOOD), MR. W. ARCHER has translated a series of novelettes by KIELLAND, his earliest, but not his least noteworthy, work. MR. ARCHER hopes that they may attract the attention of readers with a sense for what is most modern and, at the same time, most delicate in fiction.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN, a wandering Australian bard, sends us a curious pamphlet printed in Tokio, on rice paper, with a pattern of decayed leaves on each page. It contains a poem in so-called hexameters, intended to correct the false impression of the Acadians created by LONGFELLOW's "Evangeline."

LETTERS received by the last mail from MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON not only give no colour to the statement that he is about to return to Europe, but show that his literary activity has certainly not diminished since his sojourn in the Pacific began. In addition to "The Wreckers," the story which is now appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*, and which will shortly be published in volume form by MESSRS. CASSELL, MR. STEVENSON is engaged on some short stories, and on an important biographical work—a memoir of his father and grandfather. Altogether, the reading public have the satisfaction of knowing that several new volumes from his pen are on the way to them.

MR. GLADSTONE is one of MR. J. M. BARRIE's constant readers and admirers. He has just read "The Little Minister," which he finds equal to its author's reputation. Needless to say that MR. GLADSTONE is specially interested in the delineations of Scotch character which the book contains.

A WRITER in *The Critic*, whose initials are "A. T.," gives, with DR. ROLFE's permission, an account of a visit which the American Shakespeare scholar and his wife recently paid to LORD TENNYSON at Aldworth. They found TENNYSON in excellent health and spirits, and full of wit and anecdote. In conversation LORD TENNYSON denied, as he has

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

done repeatedly, that his brief poem "The Flower" contained any reference to his imitators. Talk about a "crank" who had thrust himself upon the poet, and wanted to read "Maud" to him, led TENNYSON to say that he himself could read "Maud" better than anybody else. At MRS. ROLFE's request he read aloud a large part of the poem. He was severe upon the critics who fail to understand its dramatic character, "and said, incidentally, that he might claim to have invented a new form of poetry unknown before, and not attempted by others since—the *monodrama*, in which a whole drama is put into the mouth of a single speaker." DR. ROLFE was, of course, enchanted with LORD TENNYSON's reading: "almost like singing, and yet most expressive reading at the same time—something quite indescribable."

OUR Copenhagen correspondent writes:—DR. GEORG BRANDES, the eminent and brilliant Danish critic, was the other day *fêted in optima forma* on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of his first book. The programme was rather an ambitious one: a dinner in the largest public hall in Copenhagen and a subsequent torchlight procession. Five or six hundred ladies and gentlemen congregated to offer up incense at the shrine of the much lauded—and much abused—Doctor; there was a prodigious lot of speeches and songs, telegrams and letters, and then some of those for whom BRANDES has been a guide, philosopher and friend, had an opportunity of saying pretty things about him and very unkind things about his opponents. For the sake of the less amiable traits in BRANDES' character, his deficiency in temper and lack of consideration for others, it would be most unjust to under-estimate the vast influence he has exercised in the literature and mental life not only of Denmark, but of a great portion of Northern Europe. HENRIK IBSEN, HIPPOLYTE TAINÉ, BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN, and many others have sent messages expressive of admiration and friendship.

CREMATION has varying fortunes. In Denmark the highest Court decided against it some few years ago, and now the Norwegian Church Department have arrived at the same conclusion. In Sweden, on the other hand, the process is used to a not inconsiderable extent, and there are crematoriums both in Stockholm and Gothenburg.

WHAT a chance the London daily papers missed on Wednesday when they failed to send a good descriptive writer to Sandgate to witness the wreck of the *Benvenue* and the rescue of the greater portion of the crew. No more thrilling subject for such a writer could have been desired, and we have only to think of what CHARLES DICKENS would have made of it in order to realise something of what we have lost through the apathy of our able editors on this occasion. But "descriptive writing" seems almost to have gone out of fashion nowadays.

THE HAUNTED GLASS.

PART II.

THE smoke that had dimmed the mirror's face for a moment was rolling off its surface and upwards to the ceiling. But some of it still lingered in filmy, slowly revolving eddies. The glass itself, too—unless my eyes were playing me a trick—was stirring beneath this film and running across its breadth in horizontal waves which broke themselves silently, one after another, against the dark frame, while the circles of smoke kept widening, as the ripples widen when a stone is tossed into still water.

I rubbed my eyes. The motion on the mirror's surface, I fancied, was quickening perceptibly, while

the glass itself was steadily becoming more opaque, the film deepening to a milky colour and lying over the surface in heavy folds. I was about to start up and touch the glass with my hand, when beneath this milky colour, and from the heart of the whirling film, there began to gleam an underlying brilliance after the fashion of the light in an opal, but with this difference, that the light here was blue—a steel blue so vivid that the pain of it forced me to shut my eyes. When I opened them again, this light had increased in intensity. The disturbance in the glass began to abate; the eddies revolved more slowly; the smoke-wreaths faded: and as they died into nothingness, the blue light went out on a sudden and the mirror looked down upon me as before.

That is to say, I thought so for a moment. But, the next, I found that though its face reflected the room in which I sat, there was one omission. I was that omission. My arm-chair was there, but no one sat in it.

And remarking this, I began to feel that in truth I was not there, but outside the room (so to speak)—a waiting witness. The feeling was uncanny; but not terrifying at the time. I do not reckon myself a brave man, but I am quite sure that if I felt anything beyond an intense expectancy, it was a lightening of the chest, a sensation of relief, as if the vague phantoms that had haunted me for hours were about to take shape and ease my struggles for solution.

I continued to gaze steadily into the glass, and now took note of two particulars that had escaped me. The table I saw was laid for two. Forks, knives and glasses gleamed at either end, and a couple of decanters caught the sparkle of the candles in the centre. This was my first observation. The second was that the colours of the hearth-rug had gained in freshness and that a dark spot just beyond it—a spot which in my first exploration I had half-amusedly taken for a blood-stain—was not reflected in the glass.

As I leant back and gazed, with my hands in my lap, I remember there was some difficulty in determining whether the tune by which I was still haunted ran in my head or was tinkling from within the old spinet by the window. But after a while the music, whencesoever it came, faded away and ceased. A dead silence held everything for about thirty seconds.

And then, still looking in the mirror, I saw the door behind me open slowly.

The next moment, two figures noiselessly entered the room. They were the figures of a man and a woman, or, to be exact, of a young man and a girl. They wore the dress of the Regency days, as well as I could see; for the girl was wrapped in a cloak with a hood that almost concealed her face, while the man wore a heavy riding-coat. He was booted and spurred, and the backs of his top-boots were splashed with mud. I say the backs of his boots, for he stood with his back to me while he held open the door for the girl to pass, and at first I could not see his face.

The lady advanced into the light of the candles and threw back her hood. Her eyes were dark and frightened: her cheeks damp with rain and slightly reddened by the wind. A curl of brown hair had broken loose from its knot and hung, heavy with wet, across her brow. It was a beautiful face; and it was also, line for line, the face which my fancy had given to Cicely Jago.

Recognising this, I knew also what I was to see next; knew it even while the man at the door was turning, and dug the nails of my right hand into the palm of my left, as if to repress the tear that rose in me as I looked into his eyes and saw—myself!

I am a mild inspector of schools, as you know: and it must be allowed there was little temptation to suspect a resemblance between a man of somewhat timid temperament and this dead and gone, drinking, dicing, devil-may-care Squire Philip Cardinnock. Yet I swear to you his features were

mine, and, as I pondered them, I saw through his eyes into the soul of him and recognised that also for my own. Something within me seemed to tear at the very cords of being. The mirror swam in mist for a moment or two, and then it is to be supposed that I fainted.

When I came to myself, the figures were still there. The girl was seated by the table, with her arms stretched along the white cloth and her head bowed over them, weeping. The young Squire stood with a hand on her shoulder and was trying with many endearments to comfort her. His lips were moving and, as he spoke, her sobs died away. I could see this by the way her shoulders ceased gradually to rise and fall, for I heard no sound, you understand. By-and-by she looked up into his face. It was very pitiful to see that century-old look of love gleaming in her wet eyes. The young man took her face between his hands, kissed it, and pouring out a glass of wine, held it to her lips. She refused it, with a glance at the old clock in the corner. My eyes followed hers in the mirror, and I saw that the hands pointed to a quarter to twelve.

The young Squire stepped to the window, drew aside the curtain and looked out upon the night for a minute. Returning to the table and hastily drinking two glasses of the red wine, he began to walk impatiently up and down the room. Evidently there was need for hurry, for they had not laid aside their travelling cloaks. For two minutes or more he paced up and down followed by the fond eyes of the second phantom; then pulling out his watch, strode close up to the hearth and flung himself down in the arm-chair, the very chair in which I was seated.

As he sat there with his lips moving, his face reproduced my own, feature for feature, so that, but for his dress and the figure of poor Cicely seated at the table, I could have believed I saw the natural reflection of the mirror. It was the same when I searched beneath his features and looked into his soul. Of all the passions there I knew that myself contained the germs. Vices repressed in youth, tendencies to sin stifled in my own nature or starved by lack of opportunity, there flourished in all their rank growth. I recognised virtues, too, that I had once possessed but had lost by degrees in my respectable journey through life—courage, generosity, tenderness of heart. I was discovering them with envy, one by one, when on a sudden he leapt to his feet and the poor girl cowered down in her chair. They had heard some sound inaudible to me.

The Squire had hardly gained his feet when the door flew open and two other phantoms stood upon the threshold. They were old Sir Phelimy Jago and his son, the father and brother of Cicely. There they halted, but for an instant only. Almost before Squire Philip had time to draw, the younger brother sprang forward with bare rapier. The soundless blades crossed and glittered: and then the brother's went spinning from his hand across the room.

Squire Philip lowered his point, and his adversary stepped back a couple of paces. Whilst a man might count twenty, the actors in this shadowy tragedy looked each other in the face: and then the old man stepped forward slowly and raised his blade.

But before he reached the hearth-rug Cicely sprang forward and threw herself upon her lover's breast. There, for all his gentle efforts with his left hand to disengage her, she clung. She had made her choice and her father had perforce to hold his hand.

Then, though the mirror was dumb, I saw the old man's face distorted with passion and his lips speaking it. I saw the rose mount in Cicely's cheeks and the anger flame in her lover's eyes. As Sir Phelimy ceased to speak the young Squire replied. But his sentence stopped short midway, as the old man rushed on him.

This time, Squire Philip's rapier was raised. Girdling Cicely with his left arm, he parried her father's lunge and smote his blade aside. But such

was Sir Phelimy's impetuosity that he followed the lunge with all his body, and before his adversary could prevent it, he was wounded high in the chest, beneath the collar-bone. He staggered back and fell against the table. Cicely fell on her knees and caught his hand. He pushed her away savagely and dropped upon the hearth-rug in a swoon. Squire Philip, meanwhile, had flung down his sword. Rushing to the table, he filled a glass with wine and held it to the lips of the wounded man. So the two lovers knelt beside the father they had wronged.

It was at this point that an entirely new horror assailed me. Hitherto I had, indeed, seen myself in Squire Philip Cardinnoek; but now I began also to possess his soul and feel with his feelings, while at the same time I continued to sit before the glass, a helpless witness. By some duality I was at once the man who knelt remorsefully and the man who waited in the arm-chair, incapable of word or movement, yet gifted with a torturing prescience. And as I sat this was what I saw:—

The brother, as I knelt there oblivious of all but the wounded man, stepped across the room to the corner where his rapier lay, picked it up softly and as softly stole up behind me. I tried to shout, to warn myself; but my tongue was tied. The brother's arm was lifted. The candle-light ran along the blade. Still the kneeling figure never turned.

And as my heart stiffened and awaited it, there came a flash of pain—one red-hot stroke of anguish, and all was blindness.

(End of Part II.)

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BELGIAN STATESMEN AND THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

SIR,—The paper 261, printed for the Belgian Chamber of Representatives in the Session of 1890-91, and lately published, has much interest for us. It is the Report on the proposed revision of the Belgian Constitution. A large part of it is taken up by an examination of the electoral legislation of Great Britain, which the Belgian Conservative Government proposed for imitation, though they had completely misunderstood its nature, and thought that our chief suffrage was a £10 suffrage, forgetting the more important franchises of 1868 and 1874, and forgetting also the forty-shilling freeholder. Happily, their errors and omissions are pointed out by others in this Report. M. Frère-Orban, however, the Liberal leader, shows, in his own Report, that he does not grasp the working of our electoral laws. For example, a foreign reader would not gather from his statement that a tenement occupier, compounded for by his "owner," has the franchise, though he does not directly pay any tax of any kind, and belongs to the poorest class in our great towns. M. Frère-Orban also writes of the possible withdrawal of the franchise from illiterates, being, apparently, unaware that what is talked of is the withdrawal of the special provision for marking their ballot papers, on the ground that they are perfectly able to vote without it if they please. This was the ground taken by the Committee of the House of Commons, which unanimously recommended the withdrawal of the provision; the motion to this effect being made by an Irish Nationalist member, with the assent of his party.

The Belgian Conservative Government propose, and the Liberals oppose, a plebiscitary referendum, to be given to the King, but its friends seem inclined to explain it away.

Belgians are seemingly under the impression that both the City of London and the Hornsey Division are in the county of Sussex!

The Report can be obtained through the Société d'Études Sociales et Politiques, 39, Rue Joseph II., at Brussels.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

CHARLES W. DILKE.

Sainte Campagne, au Cap Brun, Toulon, Var, 11th Nov., 1891.

MR. DIBBS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

SIR,—In your issue of July 18th there appeared an article under the above heading which is somewhat unfair to one of the ablest and most estimable of the public men of Australasia.

The name of Dibbs may, as you assert, be unsuggestive and "squat;" but, then, so were those of Pitt and Peel till these great men made them famous. George Richard Dibbs may be his own ancestor; but is not that the case with most of the self-made men of the world? It has been sapiently remarked that the man who has nothing to boast of but his ancestors is like a potato—the best thing about him is under ground. Among 75,000,000 of the Anglo-Celtic race ancestry counts for little nowadays. The only aristocracy they acknowledge is that of merit, and that is why George Richard Dibbs is a man of mark among the Australasians. This so-called "squat" statesman happens to be six feet four inches high, with a magnificent physique and a genial and handsome face. When Nature builds high houses she sometimes leaves the top storey unfurnished, but such is not the case with regard to Mr. Dibbs. He is an able, strong-willed, fibrous, and determined man, who starts out to achieve an object regardless of the obstacles in front, and follows out his mission indifferent to the criticisms that may be made upon his method. Dibbs is, as you say, a Republican; but it would be strange if he were not one, considering that he was born and reared amid the bracing atmosphere of the most robust Democracy in the world. The advocates of Monarchical Government in this new Britannia of the Southern Seas are so few that they would have to be searched for with a microscope, and their influence upon public opinion is about equal to that of a mosquito upon the trunk of a majestic eucalyptus. At the Antipodes many things go the reverse way to that which prevails in the Old World. For example, Christmas is in midsummer, and the stones of the native cherry grow outside instead of inside the fruit. So it is in our political world. Protection is here the policy of the Liberals, and Free Trade that of the Conservatives. This is so because our people desire to be relieved from the unfair competition of countries where semi-pauperism or low wages prevails. This may be Antipodean, but it is common-sense. Hence G. R. Dibbs, being a Democrat, is also a Protectionist.

You are wrong in supposing that Mr. Dibbs is allied with the Labour Party, though most of those who hold Protectionist views in that body are with him. Had he been a clever humbug, or an unscrupulous politician, to whom pledges and principles are trifles light as air, Mr. Dibbs could, perhaps, have attached the whole of the representatives of Labour to him just as easily as Sir Henry Parkes did; but he has an old-fashioned fidelity to men and measures to which his political rival is a stranger—hence we see Parkes kept in power by men who were elected to hunt him from office, and Dibbs still at the head of his faithful followers on the Left. "Support in return for concessions" smacked too much of bargain and barter to be palatable to our Leader of the Opposition. The Mr. Deakin you refer to is Mr. Deakin, and he was connected with the *Melbourne Age*, not the *Melbourne Argus*, the latter being the organ of Conservatism. He is one of the most promising statesmen in Australasia, and what he is to Victoria Mr. Dibbs is to New South Wales. Dibbs, as you say, represents the winning drift in Antipodean opinions. The future of the Australias may be outlined in three words—Independence and Republicanism. Nothing is more certain than that within the next decade or two another sturdy son of Britannia will start business on his own account, and on his signboard will be written "The United States of Australia." The Federation Movement is but the stepping-stone to that consummation, and no form of federation will be acceptable to the people of the Antipodes that does not pave the way for this. Sir Henry Parkes and Sir Samuel Griffiths, Mr. Munro and Mr. Playford, have already realised that their attempt to establish a federation of the Australian Colonies based upon Imperialism is likely to prove a *fiasco*. It does not follow that hostility to the Mother Country is implied by an independent and Republican Australia. On the contrary, should the Motherland ever require assistance in a just war, she would have no better or more reliable ally than her sturdy son beneath the Southern Cross. It is a nobler mission for Great Britain to be the mother of friendly nations and allies than to be merely the head of a number of restive tributaries. You have hit the mark in your comments upon the colonists, or ex-colonists, who make themselves ridiculous by cadging for baronetcies or K.C.M.G.s. Dibbs, like Dalley and Deakin, has refused such tinsel. Though these titles threaten to become almost as numerous as wattle-blossoms in Australia, they have little weight outside the circle of toadies and tuft-hunters; and the day is not far distant when they will be regarded with as little veneration as the feathers and flummery, the paint and the tattoo-marks, which indicate the various degrees of rank in savagdom.—Yours truly,
AUSTRALIAN LEGISLATOR.
Sydney, N.S.W., September 16th, 1891.

THE NORTH-WEST AFRICAN COMPANY.

SIR,—It is not merely as an example of how the nation's money is wasted, but still more as a curious instance of how the support of the military and naval forces of the country can be obtained for the most petty commercial interests abroad, that I think you will consider the subjoined worth insertion in your

paper. The information was supplied to me by a friend who knows well the places mentioned, and has an intimate knowledge of the commercial interests which Her Majesty's ships were sent to protect.

1. In September last H.M.S. *Goshawk* arrived at Las Palmas, Grand Canary, from Cape Juby, having been ordered to go thither from Gibraltar in consequence of a slight disturbance which took place at the English factory. At this place the English traders have a strong, well-armed fort, to which the Moors cannot possibly obtain access. Some, however, of the English traders refuse to avail themselves of the protection offered by this fort, but must needs have a house on the shore near the spot where a Mr. Morris was so treacherously murdered some three years ago.

The captain of the *Goshawk* accounted for the advent of his ship by saying that it was reported that the English had had a dispute with some of the Moors, who out of revenge had endeavoured to break into and rob the shore house. Their plans, however, were frustrated, and nothing serious occurred; and when the gunboat arrived all was quiet, and the little trade of the place was going on as usual.

The Cape Juby people were rather surprised to see the gunboat arrive, and the captain was astonished to learn that the "outrage" which he had been sent to punish or repress had been of the slightest kind, and had occurred nearly a month previous to the date of his despatch.

Considering the paltry nature of the affair, it would seem that the North-West African Company—to whom the place belongs—must be able to exercise considerable influence on the Government to secure the despatch of a gunboat on so slight a pretext.

2. But this was not all, for on the 20th ult. H.M.S. *Thrush* arrived, *via* Cape Juby, having been despatched from England to see if everything was quiet, and to hold herself at the disposal of the head-man of the English factory.

Now, if the commerce of this place was of any real value, or if Las Palmas was an open colony, and not merely a preserve of a private company, there might be some excuse for all this fuss and waste of force and money. But, as a matter of fact, the total exports from Cape Juby during the three months of June, July, and August, consisted only of 450 bales of wool and 39 barrels of fish-bones! and the probability is that they will have been even less during the next three months. I don't know what the money value of these exports would be, but I should be surprised if it amounted to one-tenth of the cost of the coal consumed by the two gunboats in their voyages to the place.

It would be interesting to know who it is among the directors or shareholders of the North-West African Company who has so much influence with the Government as to induce them to send gunboats on such slight and frivolous pretexts to protect their interests.—I am, sir, yours, etc.,
ARTHUR G. SYMONDS.

Manchester, November 9th, 1891.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, November 13th, 1891.

TWO volumes of verse are lying on my table, and the first word upon each must be a word of thanks to the publisher. The back of Mr. Henley's "*Lyra Heroica*" (David Nutt) may be something too fantastical, but in size, shape, weight, type, and the whole aspect of its page it seems to me to touch perfection. All good men loathe *éditions de luxe*, and pray for the extinction of the quarto; for these round the spine, contract the chest, and compel an attitude as unfavourable for enjoying poetry as for tasting wine. But even a reader who has sworn hitherto by the old, green, Moxon volumes may be converted by Mr. Nutt. His book lies in the hand like a feather: his paper is rich and opaque, notwithstanding its lightness: and he enlarges the meaning of that phrase about "the dignity of print." The notorious modesty of young authors will be sensibly menaced if Mr. Nutt gets hold of them and clothes their ideas in such type.

In this case, of course, there is no such danger: for Mr. Henley's book is a selection of noble numbers from our poets, and the most of these may be securely reckoned among "the glories of our birth and state." His purpose (to quote from the preface) has been "to choose and sheave a certain number of those achievements in verse which, as expressing the simpler sentiments and the more elemental emotions, might fitly be addressed to such boys—and men, for that matter—as are privileged to use our noble English

tongue. To set forth, as only art can, the beauty and the joy of living, the beauty and the blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion—to a cause, an ideal, a passion even—the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism, that is my ambition here." It is a very fine ambition, too; and it will hardly be denied that Mr. Henley is a splendid book, of verse.

But—there always is a "but" with anthologies—of course the critic wants to be meddling with it, to pluck out a flower here and there, and make room for blossoms more to his liking. Mr. Henley anticipates this. To read poetry at all, he says wisely, is to have an ideal anthology of one's own, and in that possession to be incapable of content with the anthologies of all the world besides. There is always the personal equation: and I hope he will reckon with it in these few animadversions.

To begin with, then, "the beauty and joy of living" make up what some people call rather a large order, and I doubt if they get their proper share of room. To be sure, they inspire a few noble lyrics in his book, as Herrick's "Get up, get up for shame!" Montrose's "Dear and only love," Graham of Gartmore's "If doughty deeds my lady please," a song or two of Burns, Kingsley's "North-easter," and those beautiful verses of Mr. Beeching's, beginning

"God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim. . . ."

—verses which all must delight to find here, in so fit a place. But surely the selections from Whitman do little justice to that joy of existence in which many find the chief secret of Whitman's singing. And while thankful that Mr. Henley has not found it in his heart to omit Herbert's "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright—" I wish he had been minded to include Dekker's "Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?" and, before all things, Peele's Farewell to Arms—

"His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees;
And feed on prayers, which are age's alms;
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart."

Statelier verses were never penned, nor any more in accord with the purpose of Mr. Henley's book.

But Herrick, too, might find more room, and three or four Elizabethans and Shirley's "Victorious Men of Earth" might easily be set beside his more magnificent lyric: while Keats hardly gets his due, I think, being represented only by his sonnet on Chapman's Iliad. On the other hand, Mr. Henley is the first among anthologists to give Burns something like his rightful place; and for this, at any rate, one should be thankful. He himself draws attention to the omission of Aytoun, and apologises for the inclusion of Marryat's doggerel, with its

"—odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory."

As a lover of much that is doggerel, I am glad of the piece, and only wish we had the ballad of Old Benbow beside it:—

"Unfortunate it was,
By chain-shot, by chain-shot—
Unfortunate it was,
By chain-shot
Our Admiral lost his legs;
Unto his men he begs,
'Fight on, brave boys!' he begs,
'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot.'"

For if we are seeking "the nobility of devotion, the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism," we get them all in this picture of the old sea-hero fighting, like Witherington, upon his stumps, and with no more comment than "'Tis my lot."

But the mention of Witherington reminds me that nothing has been said of the pieces I would like Mr. Henley—if he will forgive the suggestion—to omit. Well, to begin with, Chevy Chase might very well go. There is a tradition that Chevy Chase should be admired; but, upon my soul, I fail to see why. It comes, I think, from Sidney's confession that he never heard it, even from a blind fiddler, but it stirred him like the sound of a trumpet. Well, but this version is later than Sidney's time: and the only conclusion I can draw is that it differs very materially from the version which Sidney heard, or that Sidney was not the man we believe him to be. For consider the story. Two border ruffians, Earl Percy and Earl Douglas—men, as far as we can gather from the ballad, of about the same nobility and true courage as Slavin and Sullivan—get up a free fight over a poaching affair. In the fight an unusual number of unintelligent scoundrels are killed; and that is all. To compare such a theme with that of Sir Richard Grenville, who engaged fifty-three Spanish galleons rather than leave his sick to be tortured by the Spaniards, is to mistake the very meaning of courage. Nor is the story of Chevy Chase redeemed by its treatment. Its movement, Mr. Henley owns, is "jog-trot enough": "the right butter-women's rank to market," I should prefer to say, and knock-kneed at that. It has none of the qualities of good doggerel, and if we call it a ballad we must find some other name for the poetry of "Sir Patrick Spens."

By omitting this, and Morris's "Slaying of the Niblungs," and a good deal of Byron, we should have room for Coleridge, Keats, and much Elizabethan work; and who will say the anthology would lose thereby? But in this, as I hinted, the personal equation must be allowed for. And it is hard to find fault with an editor who has brought so many treasures together for the first time. It is good to find, side by side, such poems as Tennyson's "Revenge," Doyle's "Red Thread of Honour," Campbell's "Mariners of England," Browning's "Hervé Riel," Kipling's "Flag of England," Meredith's "Head of Bran," Kingsley's "Last Buccaneer," Longfellow's "Simón Dane." And if we are inclined to feel that Mrs. Hemans' "Casabianca" is a trifle too deathless, we must honour Mr. Henley's motive for retaining it. "The intention of the singer," he says, "is excellent." It is a blessing he did not think the same of Southey and Old Kaspar.

A word may be added upon the notes at the end. Here Mr. Henley's *obiter dicta*, though often true enough, are often worded in a fashion that must be deprecated. Of Addison he says,—"The Augustan Muse was an utter stranger to the fighting inspiration. Her gait was pedestrian, her practice neat and formal; and she prosed of England's greatest captain, the victor of Blenheim, as tamely as himself had been 'a parson in a tye-wig'—himself and not the amiable man of letters who acted as her amanuensis for the nonce." On the ballad of Helen Irving he remarks, "Wordsworth has told the story in a copy of verses which shows, like so much more of his work, how dreary a poetaster he could be." Of Wolfe's famous elegy, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," he says,—"It was printed, not by the author, in an Irish newspaper; was copied all over Britain; was claimed by liar after liar in succession; and has been reprinted more often, perhaps, than any poem of the century." Of Macaulay's Lays we read,—"As for the 'Armada,' I have preferred it to 'The Battle of Naseby,' first, because it is neither vicious nor ugly, and the other is both. . . ." Now this style of talk may have its advantages, but it is certainly not urbane, as Matthew Arnold once pointed out in the case of some notes of Mr. Palgrave's. And the tone of it mars the reader's enjoyment. Mr. Henley himself writes poetry, and none can know better than he that the sentence I

have quoted is not the royal salute which one poet owes to another.

I have no space left wherein to deal with the other book of verse lying before me: but hope to say something about it next week.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

CHARLES WORDSWORTH.

ANNALS OF MY EARLY LIFE: 1806-1846. By C. Wordsworth. London: Longman & Co. 1891.

THE aged Bishop of St. Andrews manifests sweet reasonableness in excluding from this volume the memorials of his later life. They would interest Scottish Episcopalians and English theologians, microscopic bodies both: but the early reminiscences of Charles Wordsworth, the tutor of Gladstone and Manning; the bosom friend of Roundell Palmer, Edward Twisleton, Hope Scott; the best scholar, oar, cricketer, skater, of his generation; the author of a Greek Grammar which drove all rivals from the field; the schoolmaster who regenerated Winchester as Arnold regenerated Rugby, must command a large and cultured audience.

The book abounds in the freshness of recollection, the minuteness of detail, the touches of personality, which lend their charm to autobiographies; not, perhaps, without something of the defects ascribed to *Petrus* in the Eton Latin Grammar, and with a certain ponderousness of style common to the whole Wordsworth family. A distinguished family it was; his uncle being the poet, his father Master of Trinity, his elder brother, who died young, a brilliant Greek Cambridge scholar, his younger brother the well-known Bishop of Lincoln, while his maternal uncle was Charles Lloyd, satirised as a Lakist in "English Bards" and in the *Anti-Jacobin*, whose poems, published with Coleridge's and Lamb's in 1797, are now a choice book-collector's morsel. He was sent to Harrow, where he became captain of the Eleven, organising the first public-school match at Lord's in 1822 between Harrow and Eton; and he relates how George Canning walked with him round the Rydal Mount Garden, his hand upon the boy's shoulder, listening eagerly to his account of the match played a few days before. He was an adept also at racquets and at football; nor had he neglected a branch of antique athletics much cultivated by schoolboys; for we read of a fight between himself and Richard Trench, which sent the future Archbishop of Dublin to a London dentist, "in order to have his teeth put to rights." His devotion to *γυμναστική* followed him to Oxford. He arranged the first cricket match between Oxford and Cambridge in 1827, bowling eleven Cambridge wickets with his formidable left hand, and in the next year pulled in the first eight-oar race between the two universities at Henley. At their jubilee banquet, which he could not attend, the guernsey worn by him in rowing was hung over the head of the chairman, Mr. Justice Chitty, and adulated both in Latin and in English verse.

"Bodily exercise," says the Apostle, "profiteth little"; and Wordsworth was much more than an athlete. From the Christ Church tutors, Longley and Vowler Short, he obtained little help; but he read for a time with Hussey, the exact and judicious scholar who afterwards became Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Of the two men, Wordsworth and Gladstone, who had successively been his pupils, Hussey used to say that Gladstone's compositions were full of grandeur, if one could only understand their meaning; Wordsworth's exquisite in workmanship, with not much substance. He won the Latin Ode at Harrow, at Oxford both the Latin Essay and the Latin Verse. His pleasure in the last triumph was enhanced by the fact that, almost on the same day, his brothers won the Porson Prize and the English Verse at

Cambridge. He has done well to reprint his "Mexico" in this volume; many scholars will agree with Archdeacon Denison that it is the most thoroughly Virgilian specimen of modern Latinity extant. He was, in fact, beyond all the men of his time, an adept in Greek and Latin versification. It is not the highest literary achievement; it bespeaks the student rather than the poet; but it is genuine within its limits. There are minds which lack sympathy with Nature, yet surrender themselves to the impressions of Art: beauty must come to them not as Eve to Adam, in naked loveliness, but clothed in a language perfect of its kind—a language long studied and dearly loved, whose lightest phrase or line wakes cultured associations, charged with the full force and magic of the whole literature which embalms it. Given, as is no longer given, the educational leisure necessary not only for the prolonged study, but for the habitual imitation, of great masters in the admired tongue, and we have productions like Riddell's *εὐδαιμόνων ἐς ἀκτὴν*, like Wordsworth's "Mexico." Of *passion*, which is the essence of poetry, they are destitute; their *elegance* is consummate. And the corollary, that accomplished classical versifiers rarely write good English poetry, is exemplified by Charles Wordsworth. Of his tributes to the English Muse not one, except as his, is worth preserving. His English translation of Lowth's "Cara Vale" is puerile, his Greek rendering almost equal to the original. Whatever of noble thought, of touching sentiment, of transient humour, gained access to his mind, came draped in Greek or Latin. His grief at his wife's death found expression in a perfect Latin couplet, untranslatable, unsurpassable. The little notes he sent sometimes from his seat in school to Moberly, teaching at the other end of the vast room, were usually Greek or Latin epigrams. He once treated a little boy unjustly and discovered his mistake: its victim received from the confectioner a pile of cakes and creams, with a note containing the words—

δέξαι, πλακούτος ἀντιδωρέων, τόδε.

As he lay wakeful through several nights in an attack of illness, he translated Ken's and Keble's Morning and Evening Hymns into Latin sapphics and elegiacs. Roundell Palmer's fine lines on Winchester College were reshaped as he read them into ringing trochaics. His very inscriptions in hotel books when on a tour were Greek iambs. One of these he endeavours to recover, remembering three lines only, and remembering them wrong. Let us present it to him—it is well worth preserving—as transcribed by us at the Grimsel many years ago:—

χωρεῖν, καθύδιν, ἰσθλεῖν, πίνειν, πάλιν
χωρεῖν, "βαβυλῶν" ὡς καλὸν" κεκραγένοι,
κόντον τρίπηχυν χερσὶν οἰακοστροφείν,
Γάλλιστι βάσειν, τόνον' ἐν βίβλῳ γράφειν,
ὁμβρόφορον ὡς τὰ πλείστα δυσφηνεῖν Δία,
τοῖόςδ' ὁ βίος ἐστὶ τῶν ὑδοιπόρων.

He obtained his Christ Church studentship and his First Class; took pupils—Gladstone, Hope, Acland, Manning, Lord Lincoln, Canning, the future Governor-General of India, Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury; travelled on the Continent as tutor to a young Lord Cantelupe, recording vivid impressions of the great German professors: Boeckh, lecturing tobacco-pipe in hand, Bekker, polyglot and taciturn, "silent in ten languages," Hermann, topbooted and a mighty hunter, Schleiermacher, Strauss, Neander. Charming letters from his brilliant comrades follow him on his tour. Sir Eardley Wilmot writes in graceful Latin; Sir Francis Doyle glorifies the struggles of aristocratic Oxford against political reform; Roundell Palmer describes the nascent High Church movement, celebrates a speech by Gladstone at the Union as the finest ever heard within those walls. He returns to shoot and fish in Scotland, to visit in his uncle's company Walter Scott, just setting out on his last sad voyage to "soft Parthenope," who inscribes in Dora Wordsworth's album lines "smelling of apoplexy." He falls in love at first sight with

a beautiful girl who passes him in the Versailles picture-gallery—William Palmer used to tell the story with delightful humour; pursues, woos, wins her; establishes their home at Winchester, where he is elected to the Second Mastership.

His years at Winchester were the most important in his life. The Public School of that date was not so much wicked as godless. Moral lapses were met by the birch—if very outrageous, by expulsion; but there was no attempt to reach the malady of which immoral conduct was the symptom—to establish amongst the boys religious earnestness and principle. The new master's influence was soon felt. Private prayers were established in the "chambers" or sleeping-rooms; Communion became frequent, and the preparation for them prolonged and real; sermons in the college chapel were introduced; acts of recognised dishonesty in school-work, of special cruelty in fagging, were abandoned; well-filled book-shelves were set up in the chambers and at the sick-house; a "reading public" was created; the high tone of Rugby was emulated, its priggishness somehow avoided. Twice he overstrained his influence. He organised compulsory singing classes under Hullah's superintendence, and for a time the novelty pleased; but when it appeared that the time given to them was to be carved out of the hours of play, distaste swiftly ripened; poor Mr. Hullah was hissed in class, and, with the Parthian shot of a stinging Latin epigram from the second master, the enterprise was abandoned. He tried to impose periodical confession upon the younger boys, but revolt on the part of the seniors, who discerned in the scheme dangerous inquisitorship, was immediate and decisive. Yet he raised the scholarship no less than the morality of the school. There was no good compendium of Greek grammar in existence. The old Eton Grammar was in general use: originally a Westminster Grammar, compiled by Camden the antiquary, and discarded by Busby, it was hopelessly faulty and defective. Matthiæ was beyond the reach of boys; several schools had introduced grammars of their own, compiled upon differing systems; so that Greek scholarship in England had no conventional language, and a general scepticism as to grammatical certainty was gaining ground. Eton would not move, and Wordsworth undertook to produce a manual embodying recent scholarship, yet lucid of conception for boys. It appeared in 1839. Unbiased scholars—Gaisford, Liddell, Kennedy, Drury—cordially recognised its excellence; it was adopted soon by every school of consequence except Eton, Dr. Hawtrey being not only passively obstructive, but exerting influence on Lockhart to suppress an article in its favour which he had accepted for the *Quarterly Review*.

Wordsworth's weak point as a master was favouritism: strong personal like and dislike were in him an idiosyncrasy. If he "spited" a boy, he hunted him down remorselessly; if he loved him, he would champion him even through grave misdemeanours. He defended the practice in a school sermon by the example of the patriarch, who "loved Joseph more than all his children"; the only consequence being that his *protégés*, hitherto designated by a coarser name, were known henceforth as "Joes." Nor was he discriminating in his treatment of criminals. Whoever offended against the law in one point was in his judgment guilty of all; he had no sliding-scale of wrath or punishment for the varieties of venial or aggravated delinquency; he always chastised with scorpions. These, however, were spots in the sun—the faults of a noble, earnest nature, tilting against every form of evil, intolerant of all that fell below its own high standard. The fact remains that in nine years he gave to the school a tone of thoughtful, unaffected piety, which long survived his rule; that a life of Christian boyhood was made possible and easy, both to those who passed under his sceptre, and to long succeeding school generations, who reaped unconsciously the moral benefits of his splendid teaching and example.

There are trifling errors or deficiencies in the volume. The "March to Moscow" contains no lines previously unpublished, and need not have been inserted. On the other hand, we should have been grateful for the whole of Hartley Coleridge's parody on "Lucy," which has never, so far as we know, been printed. Philip Pusey (p. 353) died in 1855. Sir Thomas Acland (p. 101) is not M.P. for North Devon. The reference of his Winchester inscription to page 228 should be 238. In 1844 his health broke down. Reluctantly, *multis bonis flebilis*, he left his post; nursed his dying father, settled at Winchester in a private house; accepted the Wardenship of Glenalmond, passed out of English academic life. For much that we have no space to notice; for his remarks on the Oxford Movement; for the stories of Liddell, Gaisford, Howley, Keble, Moberly the silver-tongued, noble Warden Barter; for the unpublished lines by his uncle, which make us rejoice that party politics rarely informed the Laureate's pen; for a heretical criticism of young Mr. Tennyson's Cambridge Prize Poem; for Manning's touching letter, written in 1845, that year of storm and stress to many a noble soul, we must refer our readers to the book. There is deep pathos in its pages; we see the band of friends, cheerful, sanguine, united, starting together on life's path. We check the list to-day, to find a scattered remnant of survivors, telling sadly of the havoc wrought in their train by the storms of life, themselves in many cases alienated at its close. But the record of their deeds revives us. Out-worn, disappointed, hostile, not one of them—least of all the author of this self-inspecting Memoir—lived in vain. The severances of party and of creed are incidents of independent warfare; but the soul that is fervent and heroic not only fights its own way to perfection, but makes ignoble sloth more difficult, brings high aim within the readier grasp of the generations and the men who follow it.

THE LABOUR PROBLEM.

THE RELATION OF LABOUR TO THE LAW OF TO-DAY. By Dr. Lujo Brentano, translated by Porter Sherman. New York and London: Putnam's. 1891.

FEW economists have ever achieved an international success at once so early and so widespread as Professor Brentano. Five-and-twenty years ago his brilliant identification of the Trade Union as the nineteenth-century analogue of the craft guild of the Middle Ages opened up a new field for economic and political study. During the time which has elapsed since that publication, Professor Brentano has been called, in succession, from chair to chair, and has contributed in no small degree to the development of economic studies on the Continent. He has constantly kept up his acquaintance with the English Trade Unions, and has published paper after paper, in the almost despairing hope of convincing the German official class that there was nothing to be feared, and much to be desired, from the free organisation of wage-labour.

Alike at Breslau, at Strasburg, at Vienna, and at Leipsic, he has known how to secure the devotion of large numbers of able students; and much of the best economic work of recent years on the Continent has been done by those who are proud to call themselves his followers. One of these students, hailing from New York, has now presented the English-speaking world with a translation of his master's rather popular treatise on the general problem of labour. "The Relation of Labour to the Law of To-day" contains a brief summary of the history of the mediæval guilds, factory legislation, and the modern Trade Union movement, together with an exposition of the economics of the Labour Question, and a suggested solution of industrial difficulties by Courts of Conciliation and Arbitration Boards.

It is easy to understand how useful such a manual must have been in Germany, where official opinion, and even the view of many of the educated

class, is prone to regard all Democratic organisation as inherently dangerous to the State, and where employers' combinations have already progressed far ahead of workmen's unions. Nor will a translation be less useful in the United States, where the theory of the wage-fund still desolates much of economic teaching, and every graduate of Yale, for instance, is instructed that Trade Union action is as anarchic and as futile as it was deemed by Bastiat or McCulloch. But as regards our own country, we confess that we should have been better pleased if one of Dr. Brentano's more profound and original studies had been chosen for translation. With the contents of the present volume Mr. George Howell, M.P., has already familiarised us in his "Conflicts of Capital and Labour," which, in traversing much the same ground, makes enormous use of Dr. Brentano's earlier publications on the same subject.

The truth is that the generation which has passed since Dr. Brentano began to write on Trade Unions has carried us rather beyond the point reached in this popular treatise. We have had enough of general statements about the right of labourers to combine, the power of combinations to raise wages, and the desirability of both sets of combinations avoiding conflicts by Joint Committees of Conciliation, and settling disputes by Courts of Arbitration. What is now wanted is a more precise and detailed study of the history and effects of this new feature of nineteenth-century industry.

More careful examination of guild history has, for instance, thrown grave doubts upon the affiliation of the modern Trade Union to the craft guild, of which Dr. Brentano at first made so much. The essential feature of the mediæval guild was its inclusion of what we should now call "small masters"; the journeymen occupied only a subordinate place, if, indeed, they were not sometimes excluded altogether. The essential feature of the Trade Union is its absolute exclusion of employers, great or small; an exclusion carried so far as to involve the rejection, at the recent Trade Union Congress, of a Midland delegate from a trade mainly consisting of small working masters, because he was the son and partner of one of them. The mediæval guild looked outward; its struggles were with other industries, or with the same industry in other places. The Trade Union looks inward; it usually concerns itself but little with other industries, or even the competition of other processes, its main function being the elevation of the condition of the wage-earner in that particular industry as against the capitalist employer.

The industrial problem of the present day is not whether Trade Unions are useful, but what should be the exact sphere of their usefulness. The growing demand of the manual workers is for some share in the direction of those vast industrial armies in one or other of which they are necessarily bound to enlist. This extension of Democratic collective government from the political into the industrial world forms, it may be suggested, the real "inwardness" of nearly all the labour struggles of to-day. What, in this connection, is the normal sphere of the Trade Society in the Democratic State? This question it is which workmen and politicians alike are beginning seriously to ask from the student of Trade Unions. But to this question neither Mr. George Howell nor Professor Brentano gives us any definite answer.

There are those among us who deny the Trade Society any function or utility save that of a weapon or a shield in a state of temporary warfare. Further industrial evolution, they assert, will bring us either to unrestrained individual bargaining on both sides—which would mean the supremacy of the capitalist—or else to universal public administration of industry, which would mean the supremacy of the worker. In contrast with these extremists, either on the Individualist or the Socialist side, stand those advocates of a far-reaching regulation of industry by committees of the producers (Trade

Unions and Employers' Associations) or by committees of the consumers (Co-operative Societies). It seems more likely to the plain man that no one of these panaceas is capable of universal adoption, or would be universally successful if it were practicable. The State and the Municipality, the Trade Union and the Store, the individual employer, and even the blackleg, have probably all their due spheres in the organisation of industry. What we now want is less indiscriminate eulogy and denunciation, and more study of the most advantageous limits to be assigned to each of the several kinds of popular organisation in a democratic community.

A MEDICAL JURIST ON GENIUS.

THE MAN OF GENIUS. By Cesare Lombroso, Professor of Legal Medicine at Turin University. London: Walter Scott. 1891.

THIS is an amazingly silly book, stuffed full of showy ignorance and sham science. Literature, poor thing, has so long had to suffer so much from the tongues and pens of foolish professors of *belles lettres*, that it is not without a tinge of malicious pleasure we notice how her fashionable and "weeput-on" sister, Science, is beginning to be made just a little ridiculous by the cackling of geese at her heels.

The vexed question of the boundaries between Genius and Insanity when investigated with learning and in a true scientific spirit deserves, and will always receive, our respect. When "glorious John" sang

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,"

he was only saying in rhyme what had often been said before in prose in more languages than one. It would be easy by a display of that "index-lore that turns no student pale," though it amazes the simpletons who are ignorant of the crafty devices of the book-maker, to fill half a dozen pages with quotations from authorities, or, at all events, authors, in Greek, Latin, French, and English, who have rung the changes upon this theme. Were this to be done with the well-bred charm of Montaigne, or the grave, yet fantastic humour of Burton, no one need or would complain. "*Madness, phrensie, melancholy*," says the last-named, "are confounded by Celsus and many writers; others leave out phrensie and make madness and melancholy but one disease, which Jason Pratensis especially labours;" and a little lower down the page he proceeds: "The other species of this fury are *enthusiasms, revelations, and visions*, so often mentioned by Gregory and Beda in their works;" obsession or possession of devils, *Sibylline prophets* and poetical *furies*, such as come by eating "noxious herbs, tarantulas stinging, etc., which some reduce to this. The most known are *lycanthrophobia, hydrophobia, chorus sancti Viti*."

Though we fear this is not science, it is, at all events, most agreeable literature; but the book before us is neither one nor the other. No single page of it is illumined by a straggling ray of common-sense or flash of humour. We search in vain for a redeeming feature. It would tickle the fancy if we could bring ourselves to believe that the book was the work of a madman, who wrote it, smiling warily, in an asylum, thus seeking to reduce all men to his own estate. But the kinship between Genius and Insanity makes this belief impossible. The professor, we gladly testify, is hopelessly sane, and the attributes of his book are those well-known attributes of perfect sanity, dulness beyond belief, and stupidity without measure.

Like many other dull and stupid things of modern date the book affects to be terrible, to be horrible, to hold up a mirror in which abashed humanity may see her frightful countenance. It is not, however, so easy to be terrible as the admirers of Ibsen's dramas seem to think, and certainly Professor Lombroso never once made our flesh creep, though he often made our fingers tingle to box his

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ears. He begins by observing that Genius "has been classed by not a few alienists as on the confines of criminality, one of the teratologic forms of the human mind, a variety of insanity." His object is to establish a theory which he says has flourished for some years in the "psychiatric world," namely, that a large proportion of mental and physical affections are the result of degeneration, that is, approaching insanity, and that this degeneration is indicated by moral and physical defects. Amongst the moral defects the professor notes verbosity, vanity, excessive originality, and the tendency to put mystical interpretations on the simplest facts, and amongst physical defects he enumerates prominent (not lengthy) ears, deficiency of beard, irregularity of teeth, excessive symmetry of face and head, sexual precocity, shortness of stature, left-handedness, stammering, and rickets. The man's purpose is thus made plain from the first. Vanity, verbosity, originality, and the like—these are the faults of authors whose persons also have only too frequently been open to just animadversion. The professor scorns deception; he digs his pit in the open day, and having dug it, proceeds to tumble his victims into it one after another with the greatest rapidity. Having stated his theory, he proceeds to call his witnesses to prove it, and what a set they are! The great Jaggers would have scorned to put half of them into the box at the Old Bailey. The lists of names with which the professor has bedizened his pages are of Homeric length. You must listen to one, reader, for it is really a curiosity: "Erasmus, Socinus, Linnæus, Lipsius, Gibbon, Spinoza, Hâty, Montaigne, Mezeray, Lalande, Gray, John Hunter, Mozart, Beethoven, Goldsmith, Hogarth, Moore, Campbell, Wilberforce, Heine, Meissonier, Lamb, Beccaria, Maria Edgeworth, Balzac, De Quincey, Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Ibsen, George Eliot, Thiers, Louis Blanc, Mendelssohn, Swinburne, Van Does, Van Laer, Lulli, Pompinazzi, Boldoni, Piccerini, Baldo, Ficino, Albertus Magnus, and St. Francis Xavier." What on earth was the matter with this very various and partially damaged lot? By what force-compelling theory did Gibbon and Hogarth, Wilberforce and Heine, Miss Edgeworth and Balzac, Ibsen and St. Francis Xavier get yoked together, even for a moment? They were one and all, so at least Professor Lombrosi alleges, degenerately short of stature. Here is another list, happily not so long: "Agesilaus, Tyrtæus, Æsop, Giotto, Aristomenes, Crates, Galba, Brunelleschi, Magliabecchi, Parini, Scarron, Pope, Leopardi, Talleyrand, Scott, Owen, Gibbon (he is in nearly all the lists), Byron, Dati, Baldini, Moses Mendelssohn, Flaxman, and Hooke." Do you ask the fault of this gallery of heroes, wits, and nobodies? The professor answers hurriedly "rickets," and passes on to the men of genius who have stammered. The list of great men who have committed suicide is "almost endless." It begins with Zeno and reaches to Chatterton, Clive, Creech, Blount, and David. As for epilepsy, "Julius Cæsar, Dostoeffsky, Petrarch, Molière, Flaubert, Charles V., St. Paul, and Handel appear to have been all subject to epilepsy." In addition to these "there was a constant quiver on Thomas Campbell's thin lips."

Leaving the professor's wretched theory out of sight, what standard of comparison has he? What does he mean by a man of genius? What does he know of three-fourths of the names he bandies about and of which he makes so ungentelemanly a use? We should like to clap him in a class-room with ink and paper, but no books of reference, and compel him to state in writing all he knows of Maria Edgeworth, Tyrtæus, Hooke (with an "e"), Crates, Creech, St. Paul, Blount, and Haydon. This crowding and shuffling of names together and then dealing them out by the dozen is a sure sign of the ignoramus.

There is something particularly odious in the way this author picks up any and every little fact or incident he finds lying about and thrusts it into the structure of his book. He has read somewhere that

Milton composed poetry with his head leaning over his easy-chair. As a matter of fact, Milton did nothing of the kind. The poetry he composed in bed at night he was accustomed to dictate during the day, sitting obliquely in his chair with one leg over the arm, a most rational attitude, and one we have seen adopted, with no loss of dignity, by a Judge on the bench. But let this pass, and suppose we are willing to assume that Milton did compose poetry sitting as alleged, what business is it of the professor's, who, we feel persuaded, takes as little interest in "Paradise Lost" as does Mr. James Payn? His business is to observe that the attitude was "an instinctive method for augmenting the cerebral circulation at the expense of the general circulation"; or, in other words, that our great John Milton could not compose poetry unless his head was whirling round. Six strokes with a birch-rod would not be too heavy a punishment for such impertinence.

Abominable falsehoods are scattered freely about the professor's pages. We are told that Hogarth "conceived his grotesque scenes in a Highgate tavern after his nose had been broken in a dispute with a drunkard." Would he were alive again to conceive this professor. Mr. J. S. Mill is stated to have been seized with "an attack of insanity" in the autumn of 1826. Addison, Steele, Sheridan, Burns, are written down "confirmed drunkards." It is assumed as certain that Dumas tore his wife's hair off her head, that Byron beat Madame Guiccioli, and that Bulwer Lytton bit his wife. These and a hundred other calumnies, or at all events worthless stories, are paraded forth as sober proofs of a scientific theory. The only paragraph in the book which is wholly free from offence is the last, which conveys the unexpected but unimpeachable moral that we ought to be sorry for the insane and have no heed to be envious of men of genius. The latter certainly have a great deal to put up with, but yet they have their reward, for we are not all Lombrosi, in the love or gratitude of mankind. The man we are really sorry for is poor Lucretian Creech, who in the pre-Munro days had his uses, not wholly base, and who never set up to be a man of genius at all, but who yet is stuck into this disagreeable book simply because he committed suicide so long ago as June, 1700.

VERSES GRAVE AND GAY.

VERSES GRAVE AND GAY. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. London: Cassell & Company.

POEMS, BALLADS, AND LOVE LYRICS. By Benjamin Clapham Dawson. Leeds: T. Tweedie.

THE VISION OF MISERY HILL, AND MISCELLANEOUS VERSE. By Miles I'Anson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

RHYMES FROM THE RUSSIAN. By John Pollen, LL.D., etc. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

EARLY SCOTTISH POETRY. Edited by George Eyre-Todd. Glasgow: William Hodge & Co.

MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER'S gay verses are, on the whole, better than her grave ones. An increase of power in both kinds, and a deepening of feeling in the more serious poems towards the end of her book, are signs of high promise, the pieces, we take it, being arranged in the order of composition. Indeed, there is such an advance in style in the later poems, that the wonder is Miss Fowler's developed taste did not reject some of the earlier ones. Many of Miss Fowler's sonnets are of a high order. There is nothing finer in the book than "An Old Legend;" it has the directness and simplicity of the best poetry. "A Dream of Acrostics" is a revel of puns Hood would have enjoyed. "A Maiden Meditation" is turned off with the deftest touch; "A Lost Love" is delightfully arch; and the quaint humour of "In Coldest England" is all the more charming that the plea for the aristocracy is, as it ought to be, quite sincere.

Verse-making has been compared to dram-drinking. It is certainly like it in this respect: that those who frequent the hedge-taverns of the pseudo-

Apollo are the most infatuated. Your master-singers, members of the West-End clubs, where Castalia and Hippocrene head the wine-list, can take it or leave it, and if they should go to excess the sunny liquor is harmless: but in the road-side inns, where the beer is salted and fusel oil makes the whiskey viscous, tippling becomes a disease. Everybody knows at least two or three unfortunates who cannot leave doggerel alone. They are more to be pitied than censured, for they are almost incurable; and the worst of it is that the first fault is generally sufficient to confirm the versifier. Here is one guilty of his first fault, whom we should like to warn. He is very young; his is the worst case we have seen this year; and it might be cured. Mr. Benjamin Clapham Dawson has, of course, a friend to abet him. Mr. James Tweedie, who, we imagine, is not much older than Mr. Dawson, introduces these "first flowers of his genius" to the public. The Columbus of poets, though happily rarer, is as much entitled to a place in Mr. Gilbert's famous list as the writer of doggerel. He has always the same fatuous story to tell:—

"The following work is the production of one who has, from early childhood, felt an irresistible impulse towards the Poetic Art . . . the gentlest breath of Nature causes his very soul to vibrate harmoniously like the strings of an Æolian harp . . . the poems cannot be said to possess equal degrees of merit: yet it cannot justly be considered an imperfection that the degree of genius manifested in one poem falls short of that apparent in another. . . . A true poet ordained by Nature to the priesthood of the Muses is a creative genius, who . . . on the other hand, one possessed of poetical feeling only, can merely . . . and I believe this volume to be an earnest of far richer things yet to come from the wealthy treasure-house of his gifted mind."

Let us look at some of these treasures, and examine the degrees of genius manifested.

A poet, "ordained by Nature," is naturally interested in the weather, and can even moralise upon it—

"Then whoso'er this verse may reach,
This moral let it to him teach:
Unless with a contented mind
You view the weather, 'tis not kind."

Contentment is a favourite subject—

"I thank Thee for a feeling mind,
And for a tender heart;
And though the world may seem unkind,
'Tis only so in part."

Pegasus, of course, comes at unexpected moments—

"When the stars in silent grandeur
Gleam and glitter on night's roof,
And the moon is calmly beaming,
List to yon approaching hoof."

Every true poet must sing of the throstle; but not every poet can rhyme the word—

"Carol, sweet throstle
In trees of the spring,
And daintily jostle
Our souls till they sing."

To genius like this, accent and rhythm must always be secondary considerations—

"And I would seek to bear my grief
As thou dost bear misfortune,
Still plodding on in the belief
That griefs are opportune."

And the plodder referred to—

"A little sparrow—merely that,
With only one leg to it,
The bird quite unawares has taught
A lesson to a poet."

Mr. Dawson informs us that these verses "are not published merely with an eye to fame." Fame he takes for granted: it is therefore necessary to tell him that there is not one line of poetry in his book, and to prescribe for his case. For the first year let Mr. Dawson commit to memory every morning before breakfast twenty lines of Chaucer until he knows the "Prologue" and two of the tales by heart. Next year let him learn in the same way "The Shepherd's Calendar," and "An Hymne of Heavenly Beautie," Marlowe's portion of "Hero and Leander," and Shakespeare's "Sonnets." If he does this faithfully, he will be able during the next eight years to select his medicine for himself. The learning a piece of good poetry every morning for ten

years is only a part of the cure. Whenever Mr. Dawson is overtaken by an access of desire to rhyme, he must repeat to himself, aloud if he likes, but not in the hearing of anyone, some of the verses he knows until the fever abates; in these fits, if he have any real poetic feeling, he will experience delight of the same order as that which the maker of the verses enjoyed in the act of creation. This it will be seen is a homœopathic cure, and not an unpleasant one either. Many rhymesters would benefit by giving it a trial. If, at the end of the ten years, Mr. Dawson cares to write verses of his own, they will probably be not altogether without merit.

"The Vision of Misery Hill," though fluent and well-rhymed, is not very interesting. It is, besides, much too long. The imitations of Burns are not successful. Mr. P'Anson succeeds best in his lighter vein. "Where Alice Is" is a clever rhyme. When the author gets off his high horse he can trot to such a charming tune as this—

"Now, let us see—you're forty-three,
And though your eye still twinkles,
Old Time and Care have touched your hair,
And sketched the coming wrinkles."

Mr. Pollen has sacrificed almost everything in his "Rhymes from the Russian" to "faithfulness of translation." To give English readers a general idea of Russian poetry was a laudable object, but one quite incompatible with the preparation of an exercise-book. Occasionally, when Mr. Pollen forgets the Civil Service Examination, his translation warms up, but it never really catches fire.

Mr. George Eyre-Todd's "Early Scottish Poetry" consists of selections from Thomas the Rhymer, Barbour, Andrew Wyntoun, and Blind Harry. We can hardly agree with Mr. Eyre-Todd that the works of these writers—except Barbour, in some respects as great as Chaucer—are of equal interest with those of Chaucer, Langland, and Gower. Still, they are worth knowing, Blind Harry's stories of Wallace particularly. In this accessible edition there is no reason why the popular knowledge of these Scotch worthies should not be considerably extended.

FEMININE FICTION.

1. THE JUNIOR DEAN. By Alan St. Aubyn. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.
2. AMETHYST: THE STORY OF A BEAUTY. By Christabel R. Coleridge. Two vols. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1891.
3. A FATAL SILENCE. By Florence Maryat. Three vols. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1891.

ONCE more has the lady who writes in the name of "Alan St. Aubyn" honoured Cambridge with her attention. We remembered how in a previous work, "A Fellow of Trinity," she had revealed to us the existence of a gambling-hell, and much wild, gilded immorality at Chesterton, and we trembled a little. What was it to be this time—a secret society at Shelford, or high treason at Trumpington? What outlying district of Cambridge, previously considered to be respectable and even dull, was to have its delicate sins exposed in the fierce light of the circulating library? In "The Junior Dean," however, we found but little of these terrible revelations; there are, it is true, some slight aspersions on the Newmarket road, but Barnwell never had the solid reputation which, before "Alan St. Aubyn" wrote, was the property of Chesterton.

We will grant at the outset that "Alan St. Aubyn" knows something of Cambridge life, but she does not know enough, or nearly enough, to justify her in writing a story on the subject. She has depicted the inner life at Newnham. Far be it from us to join in "Alan St. Aubyn's" profanation of the mysteries, but we may say that we are inclined to doubt her Newnham. Perhaps some one of those journals which deal exclusively with feminine interests will discuss this part of her book in detail. We prefer to dwell upon the character of the villain of the story, one Brackenbury. We like his half-smile and the long black hair which

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is always falling over his eyes. So few Cambridge undergraduates allow their hair to fall over their eyes properly. We like to contemplate him in his own rooms "brewing some kind of 'cup' with the assistance of a spirit-bottle and the kettle"; even Quilp himself never went much further than that. Brackenbury also took a part in the Greek Play, failed in his General, and incited another man to commit forgery; but these things are but toys in comparison with his other enormities. In a boat on the upper river, in the darkness, accompanied only by the Newnhamite who was engaged to the Junior Dean, the villain thus said to himself: "No, no, Mr. Junior Dean, if she will not marry me, she shall not marry you! She is in my hands. I have only to turn the rudder one way and the boat will turn over in a nice deep bit of water—and it will be all over." If we may trust this author—and we think enough has been said to show that we may do nothing of the kind—Cambridge is peopled exclusively by prigs, fools, and cads. As a story, "The Junior Dean" is neither true nor pleasant. The author's use of real and recent incidents for the purposes of her story is not in good taste, and may do harm. Her writing is hurried, slipshod, and ineffective. We regret to say that there is very little merit to counterbalance the faults; but a reader who was previously ignorant of Cambridge life might possibly be interested in the scenes that are described here. And if one cares for sensationalism of the order of the penny novelette, it may be found in "The Junior Dean." It is not pleasant to write severely of any book, but it would be positively immoral to praise highly this last production by "Alan St. Aubyn."

On the whole, "Amethyst" is a clever and very readable novel. On the title-page are some words of Browning: "My stress lay on incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study." There are, however, no wearisome disquisitions to fill out the pages of this book; the points are not spoiled by inartistic emphasis; the story is allowed to have suggestions. The inevitable misunderstanding between Amethyst and her lover is improbable and conventional—the conventional is generally improbable—and there are some other minor points in which the author seems to have followed and conformed; but there is a distinct note of originality in the book. Lady Haredeale, worldly, bad, happy, and rather amiable, is a good and new delineation. Good temper is often the last virtue to be lost by the bad or acquired by the good; and Lady Haredeale, with all her schemes, and lies, and flirtations, still continues pleasant in her manner. Her daughter Una is also a particularly life-like sketch of a morbid and neurotic girl, possessed by a certain amount of really fine feeling. The men are, on the whole, less satisfactory, as might, perhaps, have been expected; they are not so clearly and impressively drawn. Undoubtedly the finest thing in the book is the sketch of Amethyst herself; the modification of her character by different circumstances is excellently illustrated; she is natural, and yet admirable—a woman and yet a heroine. We do not think that we have seen any work by this author stronger or more interesting than "Amethyst."

Miss Marryat has a very fair story to tell in "A Fatal Silence." The title is a little misleading, for, although the attempt which Hal Rushton's wife made to conceal her previous history was disastrous enough, it does not preclude the happy conclusion which is so dear to the average reader. The chief fault in the book is the tendency to over-colour. The villains are too villainous; the vulgar people are too impossibly vulgar; surely never since the world began were quite so many aspirates dropped or misplaced as in these three volumes. The lines which the story takes, and the characters who are depicted in it, are somewhat familiar and conventional. But there is enough that is ingenious in the plot to make the interest last through the three volumes.

LAND TENURE AND TRANSFER.

REGISTRATION OF TITLE V. REGISTRATION OF ASSURANCES. By H. Brougham Leech, LL.D. London: William Ridgway.

THE Irish Landowners' Convention were fortunate in securing Professor Leech to prepare this work, which is an excellent summary of the controversy between the system, obsolete in most countries, of title by deed and that of title by registration of ownership, which is now in use over the greater part of Europe and in the British Colonies. Dr. Leech's essay is a crushing criticism of the Bills to reform the Irish system of land transfer introduced time after time by the Irish Government. The withdrawal of one Bill and the passage of the Local Registration Act in an amended form may be largely attributed to this book.

In nearly all civilised countries the ownership of real property is made the subject of public registration by the State; the title to every separate property or parcel of land is recorded, and the ownership and charges thereon are ascertainable at a glance. In the United Kingdom, notwithstanding recent legislative patching of our antique and unique system, the investigation of title to land takes months—sometimes years. The costs are so enormous as to be prohibitive of all retail trading in land. After an historical inquiry extending sometimes over more than a century, after the perusal by highly-skilled and highly-paid legal experts of verbose, cumbrous deeds, which the dirt and dust of ages have made loathsome to handle and difficult to decipher, the title may still be doubtful; good, perhaps, to hold, but bad to sell. At best the result of the legal experts' labour is only an inference, more or less probable, from the documentary evidence available.

The principle of record of title is admitted to be the best, cheapest, safest, and most expeditious. We know how it has been introduced and perfected in other countries, notably in Prussia, where sales and mortgages for infinitesimally small sums are effected without delay and for a mere nominal cost—e.g., the fees on a sale for £100 are 9s., covering all costs of buyer and seller.

Professional hostility has been, and still is, the great bar to effective reform in this country, as it was the chief obstacle to the introduction of a reformed system into the Colonies. Ireland presents a more favourable field for a thoroughgoing measure of reform than the rest of the United Kingdom, and is in greater need of it. The Ordnance Survey is sufficiently complete to enable the record of titles to be based on an accurate map. The creation by the State of small freeholds under the Purchase Acts is a political error and a financial crime as long as the law remains in that condition in which Lord St. Leonards said the ownership of a small plot of land was a ruinous expense to a poor man. The security for the State loans on these small properties is bad as long as they cannot be cheaply and expeditiously transferred. The new Irish Act which comes into force on 1st January, 1892, will, it is to be hoped, alter this.

The appendix to Dr. Leech's essay contains a valuable array of expert and authoritative opinions on the necessity and advantages of a record of title. Translations of the transfer forms in use in Germany, and those intended to be used under the abortive and repealed Record of Title Act in Ireland, show how simply an effective and real system of record would work.

ASSAYING.

MANUAL OF ASSAYING GOLD, SILVER, COPPER AND LEAD ORES. By W. Lee Brown, B.Sc. With a Chapter on the Assaying of Fuels by A. B. Griffiths, Ph.D. London: W. Heinemann.

THE American edition of this work has already been in the hands of assayers for some time. It does not aim at teaching the chemistry of the subject, but is essentially a practical handbook on the analysis of gold, silver, copper and lead ores by the dry way. As such, we think, it fulfils its purpose. Part I. is devoted to a detailed description of the furniture of an assay laboratory—furnaces, tools, apparatus, and reagents—and contains many useful suggestions, the result of the author's experience, which will doubtless be appreciated and acted upon.

The second part contains a complete account of the assaying of the numerous varieties of gold and silver ores, each of which may require some slight modification in the method of treatment, and short chapters on the assay of lead and copper ores. Not the least valuable portion of the volume is found in the appendix, wherein, among other matters, is described the chlorination assay of gold ores—a process which has become an important part of the business of the assayer. The English edition is nearly a literal translation from the American, and has an additional chapter on the analysis of fuels. We think that it would have been found more useful if greater space had been devoted to it, and had the methods of gas analysis been given in greater detail. The definition given of fuels in the opening sentence is incomplete: "Fuels are those materials which are capable of being burnt for the generation of heat." It omits the important reducing function which they so frequently have to perform.

The paper, print, and illustrations are very inferior to the American edition; but these disadvantages are somewhat counterbalanced by the difference in price. It is to be regretted that the English edition appeared without permission of the American author.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

IN a democratic age like the present all citizens, thinks Mr. Gullard, ought to possess a clear, and as far as possible, a thorough knowledge of the local as well as the wider aspects of the Government under which they live. He has accordingly compiled a useful manual for the benefit of the inhabitants of the grey metropolis of the north in which he sketches in bold and comprehensive outline "How Edinburgh is Governed." So far as we can discover, every department of the life and social activity of the Scottish capital, municipal, judicial, educational, parochial, ecclesiastical, medical, and industrial, is passed in review in these pages, and the volume bristles with facts and statistics of a kind which politicians and social reformers in England and Ireland, as well as in Scotland, are sure to appreciate. In fact, this is one of the best "handbooks for citizens" which we have yet seen; its information is exact, to the point, and well-arranged.

"Stories from the Bible" is a title which explains itself, and in connection with which the name of the Rev. Alfred J. Church is already favourably known. Encouraged by the manner in which his first little book of the kind has been received, he has now brought out a second series, and the present volume covers a wide field of Jewish history. Mr. Church admits his obligations to the "Old Testament Commentary for English Readers," edited by Bishop Ellicott, the "Speaker's Commentary," and special books dealing with Old Testament time by Canon Rawlinson, Professor Milligan, and other Biblical scholars. The stories are told almost in the words of Scripture, and happily no attempt is made by an appeal to sentimental rhetoric to heighten the impressiveness and moral significance of these narratives. The book is appropriately illustrated from drawings by Julius Schnorr, an artist whose pictures lent special interest to the previous volume. Parents in search of a book to read to their children on Sunday afternoons will find Mr. Church's volume admirably adapted for that purpose. The explanatory notes, which are occasionally given at the foot of the page, grapple with the real difficulties of the text in a clear, brief, and simple way.

One of the best popular biographies which we have encountered for some time is "Michael Faraday: Man of Science," by Mr. Walter Jerrold. There is no evidence of research in the book, and those who expect to glean from it any new facts of importance will be disappointed, but the salient characteristics in the life of the great chemist are admirably stated, and the picturesque aspects of a singularly honourable and influential career are brought into due prominence. Sir Humphrey Davy was accustomed to say that the discovery of Michael Faraday was the most notable achievement of his life, and Professor Tyndall, upon whom more than upon any other man Faraday's mantle descended, pronounced the subject of this brief biography the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen. Even in the professional toils and triumphs of half a century of public life, Faraday enjoyed the uncommon distinction of exemption from the attacks of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. Faraday was the architect of his own fortunes, but unlike most men who have fought their way from the ranks to eminence, he was modest, almost bashful, and entirely lacking in self-assertion. In one sense, it was true of him that his very gentleness rendered him great, and it was the union of intellectual strength and moral beauty that gave him his unique place in modern society. "Not half Faraday's greatness"—the words are Professor Tyndall's—"was incorporated in his science, for science could not reveal the bravery and delicacy of his heart." Mr. Jerrold describes the brilliant series of investigations on which, step by step, the fame of Michael Faraday was built, and he says with truth that he seemed to become aware almost as though by intuition of the full significance of a discovery, and of its exact relationship to previous conclusions of science.

So much has been written first and last about a trip across the Atlantic, and places like Boston, Montreal, Niagara, and San Francisco, that most people will be inclined to skip the first ten chapters of Sir Edwin Arnold's handsome and portly volume, with the rather vague and somewhat vast title of "Seas and Lands." For ourselves, at least, the interest of the book begins with the arrival of Sir Edwin in Japan, and our own arrival at the one hundred and fifty-eighth page. He seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his leisurely, and apparently

luxurious sojourn in the Land of Gentle Manners, and we are glad to find that so keen and cultivated an observer is by no means prepared to echo the assertion of a tribe of less qualified travellers, who have tried to persuade the world that Japan is rapidly throwing aside all that is distinctive in its manners and customs, and becoming a servile imitator of Europe and America. On the contrary, Japan, we are assured, has caprices of fashion, but never changes. "Under the thickest lacquer of new ways, the antique manners and primitive Asiatic beliefs, survive, of this curious and delightful people, in whose veins Mongol and Malay blood has mingled to form an utterly special and unique race." It is true that the Japanese, for a space of ten or a dozen years, after the fall of feudalism in 1867, seemed to repudiate all their old traditions. During the last decade, however, a reaction has set in, and Japanese art is reasserting its own individuality, and is no longer at the beck and call of commercial travellers and speculative shopkeepers from London, Paris, and New York. The mind of Japan is awakening, and the opportunities of culture are growing, and Sir Edwin Arnold evidently believes that the nation will yet place itself in line with modern progress, and will do so by a broad and intelligent reassertion of its own individuality. This book gives an extremely pleasing account of the people, and sketches in a picturesque manner the customs which prevail in town and country in Japan. There are some admirable illustrations in the book, and they are evidently, for the most part, reproductions of photographs taken on the spot.

All the stories and sketches—there are sixteen of them—which Mr. Archibald Forbes has just gathered together in a volume entitled "Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles," have already appeared in one or other of the magazines. They make, however, in their present form an attractive book; and though some of these descriptive papers are not in any sense remarkable, there are others in the collection of exceptional vigour and picturesqueness. It goes without the saying that Mr. Forbes is thoroughly familiar with a soldier's life in camp, on the march, and amid the smoke and turmoil of the battlefield, and these pages display, though always without ostentation, not merely his knowledge, but also his sympathy and imagination. The book is one which is sure to fascinate those who take an interest in military life and deeds of heroism. Occasionally a deeper note is struck, and there is genuine pathos pervading some of these stories, which are evidently founded on fact. A fine example of this latter characteristic will be found by all who turn to the pen-and-ink portrait of "The Old Sergeant," which Mr. Forbes has drawn in not the least artistic of these papers.

A dainty little book, which has already enjoyed a considerable vogue in America, and which bears unmistakable evidence of its transatlantic origin, is "Girls and Women," a group of essays by Mrs. Chester. The subjects discussed are chiefly concerned with the minor moralities of life, and the duties and accomplishments of women. Mrs. Chester writes sensibly and with refinement, but she falls into a good many platitudes, and her deliverances—addressed chiefly to girls who are standing on the threshold of life—are not to any noteworthy degree remarkable on the score of thought or suggestiveness. She has merely added another to the many volumes of graceful, wholesome commonplace which have been already given to the world on the same subject.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE great Liberal victory in the South Molton division has made two things clear. Liberal Unionism in the West has ceased to be a political factor, and the agricultural vote is lost to the Government. It is probably true that the Devonshire Tories were not excessively zealous in support of MR. BULLER; but all the resources of the Liberal Unionist Association were strained to the utmost. The constituency was invaded by an electioneering army from Birmingham, and money was spent without stint. MR. BULLER flourished his family name; MR. JESSE COLLINGS failed once more to detect what everyone else (including possibly even MR. CHAMBERLAIN) sees, that he is the most unpopular man in agricultural England; and the Unionists hoped up to the last to keep the seat by a small majority. But in MR. LAMBERT the Liberals had one of the best representatives of practical agriculture, and the rural labourers voted solidly for the party which is pledged to give them Village Councils with large administrative powers. So LORD LYMINGTON's majority of 1689, five years ago, was turned into a Liberal majority of 1212.

THIS event has caused an undisguised panic in the Ministerial camp. MR. STANHOPE's affected cheeriness may pair with SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's discovery that the "Radical misrepresentation" which deceives the electors is a proposal to establish "the brotherhood of man." In frantic alarm the *Standard* called on the Government to throw their projected Irish legislation overboard, and fill next Session with professions of "sympathy" with the agricultural interest. One way to win back the counties is, it seems, to moralise on the difference between "possible" but "unknown" boons from the Tories and "impossible" benefits from the Radicals. The *Globe* is a little more specific, and suggests the application of the ASHBOURNE Act to the needs of the English peasantry, an idea which will be eagerly grasped by LORD SALISBURY, whose audacity in Land Law reform is notorious. There is no prospect that the Cabinet will be forced, by the discontent of a clamorous section of their party, to drop the Irish Local Government Bill next year, though the fragility of their pledges puts proverbs to the blush.

LORD SALISBURY's "brave words" at the Guildhall about Egypt did not alter the diplomatic and military facts which make our position there an anxious and uncertain one. All they did, like LORD BEACONSFIELD's fifteen years ago, was to excite alarm and displeasure abroad. We shall be glad, therefore, to hear some confirmation of the report that he has expressed his willingness to treat with the Porte for the evacuation of Egypt by British troops. The negotiation will not be a simple one, for France, backed by Russia, will not suffer the Porte to accept any arrangement she dislikes, while we, it is to be hoped, will disapprove any plan which threatens to bring back upon Egypt the blighting curse of Turkish rule or even of Turkish influence. But any step which tends to clear up one of the most vexatious problems we have to face, and which hastens by a month or a year the departure of our troops from the Nile Valley, deserves encouragement. The suggestion made by some Tory print that LORD SALISBURY's object is to obtain from the Turk an

arrangement which will enable us to withdraw from the assurances given to other Powers regarding the temporary nature of our military occupation, is too absurd to deserve refutation.

AS LORD SALISBURY is said to be willing to reopen negotiations with the Sultan in regard to Egypt, it would be useful to have an explanation from the Foreign Office of the abortive Convention of 1887, the most material portions of which were published in the *Times* on Monday. "Had the Treaty been signed," says M. DE BLOWITZ, "England would have evacuated Egypt more than six months ago." We commend this observation to the attention of the Ministerial Press, which has somehow overlooked it. The stipulation of an international guarantee from the Great Powers of the inviolability of Egyptian territory also deserves notice, seeing that this very guarantee was scoffed at by LORD SALISBURY in the Guildhall speech. As we are constantly told that to talk about evacuating Egypt is a blunder, and that to fix a date for evacuation would be a crime, the country may not unreasonably ask (1) why LORD SALISBURY proposed to fix this unpardonable date? (2) what has since happened to make this policy unstatesmanlike and unpatriotic? It was the opposition of France, working on the Sultan, that made the Convention fall through, after our envoy had repeatedly postponed his departure in the hope of getting the Turks to agree.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN's speech at Birmingham is noteworthy only as a febrile expression of habitual Toryism. His criticism of the Newcastle programme is what the Tories have said of Liberal policy any time these twenty years. His attacks on Home Rule are sufficiently answered by his own professions of zeal for Irish self-government. But the gem of the speech is the explanation of "ransom." This, it seems, was an unfortunate expression, for what MR. CHAMBERLAIN meant was not the ransom of the rich, but the pensioning of poverty by the State. This tale will, doubtless, commend MR. CHAMBERLAIN to the Tory landlords. It is one of those bits of autobiography by which a man sometimes veils the escapades of his youth.

In London politics—notably some years ago in St. Pancras—it is generally advisable for the rural immigrant to discover if his district contains a society calling itself by some such title as the Ratepayers' Defence League; and then to oppose that society and all its works. The eminent publicists and educationists—among them LORD CRANBORNE, MR. DIXON-HARTLAND, SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, the Dean of St. Paul's, the EARL OF WEMYSS, and MR. JOHN LOBB—who met at the Guildhall on Wednesday afternoon, have not done much to clear away the discredit that attaches to the name. Nor is it likely that the ratepayers will respond very numerous to their appeal. "Protection" against legislation which will relieve him of nearly half his rates—"and it is to meet this sort of thing," said LORD WEMYSS, "that the League has been formed"—hardly rouses his enthusiasm. LORD WEMYSS evidently looks forward with resignation to the time when the League will be reinforced by the distressed ground landlord. Seriously, no better investment could be

made in the interest of the shopkeepers—the most heavily burdened, probably, of the ratepayers now—than expenditure on the improvement of London. And in the interest of London as a whole there is no better investment than an educational system which will put it on a par, if not with Germany, at least with the great towns of the North. This end will hardly be reached by the economy of MR. DIGGLE and MR. LOBB. However, if the League gets to work it may not be a bad institution. Its proceedings will serve as a healthy tonic to municipal reformers.

UNIVERSAL sympathy has been excited by the illness of PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES. The PRINCE is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, a malady which has an evil record in his family, but though his condition is serious, there seems happily no room for alarm. PRINCE GEORGE'S constitution is robust, and the disease was grappled with in time. There is little doubt that the illness began in Dublin, where the sanitary condition of some of the barracks is a grave discredit to the authorities. It is most unfortunate that the Irish capital should be made to suffer by this incident from a prejudice for which its citizens are in no way responsible.

ONLY on the Continent is Proportional Representation a living question: and there its life cannot be said to be a happy one. Wherever it is there proposed—in Norway, in Belgium, in Switzerland—it is the refuge of an anti-Liberal minority, either just defeated or in serious danger of defeat. In the only recent case in which it has been tried—in Ticino, last January—it has served as a basis for a complicated means of confusing the electorate. It is true the Continental system is not that now propounded by SIR JOHN LUBBOCK. A satisfactory test election was held last Tuesday in the Conference Room of the National Liberal Club. But how will the popular voice—under proportional representation—speak with no uncertain sound? *Scrutin de liste* failed in France, first because the popular verdict obtained under it was uncertain, secondly because, owing to the size of the constituencies, it had the dangers without the merits of the plébiscite. What is the value, under proportional representation, of a declaration—say, against vaccination—of voters who, when their votes came to be analysed, are mostly only thirdly or fourthly antivaccinationists?

THE fuller particulars of the American elections received by mail early this week tend on the whole to confirm the letter we publish in another column. Local issues—though there are as yet no State parties—decided most of the elections; personal reasons secured the election of the better man—a Democrat—as Governor of Massachusetts, and there was not after all very much to choose between Tammany Hall and the Republican machine in New York. The harvest, no doubt, had a good deal to do with the collapse of the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas and Nebraska: and the Republican traditions of Pennsylvania remain unshaken even by the recent revelations in connection with the BARDSLEY bank frauds in Philadelphia. Two results of the elections are notable. In Chicago the success of the American or anti-foreign party—called Know-nothing, after its predecessor in the fifties, which owed its title to the fact that its members were organised as a secret society, and that the bulk of them were not initiated into its mysteries—has emboldened the Chicago police to deal with Anarchist meetings in a way more usual on another continent. Considering that after New York, and perhaps New Orleans, Chicago is the most foreign city in the Union, and remembering the Anarchist trials some years ago, the fact is

hardly surprising. The failure of the free silver plank in the platform of the Ohio Democrats has helped to stimulate the Republican Secretary of the Treasury, at the dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce, to abjure the free coinage of silver, and express a somewhat academic faith in the future of Bimetallism.

THE Money Market continues very easy, the rate of discount in the open market being no better than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Trade is dull. Upon the Continent it has fallen off, and is likely to fall off still more, under the influence of discredit and bad harvests. Speculation is completely paralysed, and, therefore, there is but little demand either for trade proper or for the Stock Exchange. Moreover, the demand for gold for the United States up to the present has been much smaller than most people expected, while a large amount of the metal has come from Brazil, Spain, and Portugal, and a considerable amount is expected from Russia. Unless, therefore, there should be political trouble in Russia, or a sharp crisis in Paris or Berlin, the probability seems to be now that money will continue abundant and cheap for some time to come; but an accident of any kind may cause a disturbance in the market, for the Bank reserve is low and the supply in the outside market is not large. Up to Wednesday the price of silver was steadily tending downwards; but the speech of the Secretary of the United States Treasury on that evening in New York has caused a recovery, and the price is now 43½d. per ounce. The Secretary really said no more than has been repeated dozens of times by American officials and what everyone expected him to say; but the mere fact that he did not recommend the repeal of the Silver Act passed last year has given courage to operators.

ON Saturday last there was a panic in Vienna on the publication of an alleged statement by the Emperor that the relations with Russia were very bad, and on Monday and Tuesday prices continued to fall in Paris and Berlin. But on Wednesday there was a sudden change, and on Thursday Continental prices all rose rapidly. The alleged cause of the recovery is an arrangement between the Russian Government and the MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD, according to which the latter would relieve the French syndicate of five millions sterling of the new loan. It is extremely improbable that the great Jewish house will relieve its competitors of a loan which they assumed with their eyes open and contrary to its wish. It will be recollected that the MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD early in the summer refused to bring out this very loan. What is more probable is that the Russian Finance Minister is buying in Paris for the sake of supporting the credit of his Government, and it is possible that, as the MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD are his agents, he may have employed them to make the purchases. Furthermore, it is to be recollected that the fall on the Continental Bourses has now continued for nearly a month, and that speculators would be wonderfully sanguine if they did not desire to secure their profits. As a matter of fact, those who sold when prices were high have during the past few days been buying back, and thus are realising handsome profits; but there is no change in the situation. The Russian famine is growing more intense; the crisis in Spain is as far from the end, apparently, as it was; the crisis in Italy is not over, nor likely to be soon; and the bankruptcy of Portugal cannot be long delayed. The Brazilian affair, too, seems to be growing worse, and everywhere in South America there is matter for apprehension. It would be over-sanguine, then, to hope that the difficulties of Continental Bourses are yet at an end. British securities proper have been fairly steady, and the American market has been quiet without much change.

THE RISING IN THE WEST.

A REVOLT and nothing less—a revolt against Territorialism, against the whole system of rural England, against the Squire, the Parson, and the Farmer—is the South Molton Election, and the Tory press know it to be such. If the magnificent figures of Mr. Lambert's majority left any doubts upon the matter, they would be removed by the sharp wail of disappointment and terror sent up throughout the length and breadth of the land by Tories and Unionists when the result was made known. The *Standard* immediately after the defeat spoke of it as if it were a veritable Sedan, warned the Government that they must expect similar reverses, and added that the agricultural labourers "will give their votes to men who profess that they would help them if they could, and not to those who will not help them when they can"—a statement not less significant because the *Standard* unsaid on Tuesday what it had said on Monday. Since the election there have been many half-hearted and some insincere attempts to explain away the defeat and to inspire the dispirited with hope. Lord Ebrington, for example, would have us believe that the only moral is that constituencies need careful nursing, and other short-sighted politicians have been trying to persuade the credulous that the defeat is mainly a personal matter, and need not be repeated when the rural voters are reminded in homely words of their manifold blessings, and allowed to bask in the smiles of the great county families. Those who fought for Mr. Buller—an excellent candidate, whatever ungrateful friends may now say to the contrary—and the party managers know better: their first impression will be their final one. The agricultural labourer, so long a mere pawn, moved by his lord the farmer, is becoming his own master. Those who know rural England well say that never, in this generation, was there so much hatred of the order of things ruling as there is now. "Half the members of the Primrose League will vote for you," said a Tory agent speaking candidly of a certain village to a Liberal candidate. In other days this animosity, perverted and misdirected, would have broken out in wild explosions. Better instructed, and with more power in his hands, the agricultural labourer is content to inflict upon his superiors the crushing defeat of last Saturday.

Some Tory journalists express surprise at the secession of the labourer from his "natural friends." How could it be otherwise? What has the Tory or Unionist speaker to offer him? What comfort can he get from Lord Hartington's speech at Crieff, with its refrain, "Rest and be thankful"? He sees little to be thankful for, and it is the first time he has begun to move. He cares nothing for Mr. Goschen's scheme of conversion, or the petty controversial points in which Mr. Chamberlain takes infinite delight. He is not fascinated by Tithe Charge Bills. Even if he believes, which he probably does not, all that is said about the clever things done by Mr. Balfour, Ireland is not Devonshire or Dorset, and in his own condition he is interested. The Primrose League orators talk to him of allotments, and, of late, of schemes for pensioning him when he is old. These topics are, if not stale, unattractive. He knows how worthless may be the promise of allotments while the squire and the farmer rule in the County Council. He has been too long a pensioner, and he is not sure that insurance schemes are not a new contrivance for continuing his dependence and shuffling off from the land the burthen of the rates. Those who have of late addressed the farm labourer come back with the report that he is a changed

being, that he means, as he never before did, to be his own master, that he and his will soon be as well organised as any class in the community, that in a dim sort of way he has a notion of a rural England radically different from that in which he has lived. He means to have parish councils in which his class will be supreme. He has an idea that open spaces should not be confined to populous towns. He is not reconciled to being permanently landless. The second-rate amateur law and justice administered to him at Quarter Sessions were never to his mind; they are less so than ever. He has seen the footpaths which once took him to his work so "diverted," as the phrase is, "by order of the justices," that there is nothing for him but the highway; he is not satisfied that this depredation of public rights should continue. For him when not at work there are the alehouse and the church; he is not sure that his whole leisure should be spent in one or other. That rural England, so picturesque and pleasant for his superiors, so abject and dull and cheerless for the Gurth of Dorsetshire and Devonshire, he means to try to change; and he is not to be turned aside by the old forms of flattery or the presence of a candidate belonging to a county family. It is just the old county families from whom he is trying to break loose. He has had enough of them, though they would still use him. And when Lord Hartington, speaking contemptuously of the Newcastle programme, says that "it would be quite useless for the Unionist party to attempt to compete with our opponents in putting forward a programme so comprehensive, so tempting, and so promising," the labourer takes him at his word, and looks elsewhere.

What can the present Government offer the often deceived and discontented rural voter? It can give him a few showy schemes. But it cannot, without injury to the very roots of the party, touch the real evils under which he winces. He wants to be his own master in his own village—to overturn the system upon which rural England has hitherto been governed. Mr. Chamberlain, on Wednesday, spoke of the Government being "pledged to deal with the question of small holdings, and to make an earnest endeavour to restore to the land that class of yeomen freeholders whose diminution or disappearance is admitted to be a danger and a loss to the State." "They'll never do it," was the instant comment from a voice in the crowd.

That is the comment of the labourer whenever he hears of such "earnest endeavours," and is told that the Ethiopian is to become white, and that the Tory party are to make him, rather than the farmer or the squire, the object of their care. Sir John Gorst—who has an awkward habit of blurring out a truth, and who has accordingly been more than once ordered by his superiors to stand aside—remarked the other day that there were in the East-End of London hundreds of people who complained that "they could not get any work to do, and yet they had, within fifty miles, land in Essex lying derelict, and producing nothing but thistles and weeds, which, if labour were applied to it, would produce at least some food for the people." He added that the aim of the future should be to "get the people back to the land." Does anyone—except, of course, Mr. Chamberlain—seriously believe that Sir John Gorst's party can sincerely set about this programme without offending one-half of their followers? The rural labourer, though not gifted with particularly "large discourse," knows well that these things cannot be done by the Tory party, and so he inflicts upon them the crushing defeat of South Molton, and is preparing another, in all probability, in East Dorset.

THE ORGANISATION OF THE VILLAGE.

THE Conference of representatives of rural constituencies which Mr. Gladstone is to address next month will doubtless add much of definiteness and detail to the Liberal programme of rural reform. London and the countryside have each made good their claim, like Wales and Ireland, to the honour of a special co-ordinate paragraph in that "Newcastle Programme" which so distresses Lord Hartington. The Metropolis and the village, in all else wide as the poles asunder, unite in their consciousness of lack of that necessary machinery of democratic self-government which our municipal boroughs have enjoyed for half a century. In both cases political neglect has issued in lethargy and decay. And in both cases we look for reform mainly to the creation of efficient local organs of collective life.

Liberal opinion on the subject of local government in the counties has greatly ripened during the present year. We may take it for granted that the Conference will give its cordial adhesion to that silent substitution of Parish for District Councils which has been so marked a feature of the summer speeches. All authorities appear to be agreed that a District Council, meeting miles away from its constituent villages, would be of little more real avail to the farm labourer than is the present County Council. Without payment of members and of their travelling expenses, the labourer could no more take his seat in a District Council than in the House of Commons itself; and rural councils on which agricultural labourers could not sit, and sometimes form a majority, would be a hollow mockery to which we may be quite sure no Liberal Government would degrade itself. It will, of course, be necessary to group many of the infinitesimal parishes in which every county abounds. The 14,000 separate parishes of England and Wales cannot each have its council, although each, be it remembered, has still its vestry possessing undefined common law powers. But we may at any rate expect that the number of councils will approach a great deal nearer to the number of parishes than do the 647 Poor Law Unions or the 4,000 brand new districts created in 1888 for the sole purpose of electing Mr. Ritchie's County Councillors. It is Village Councils, in short, and not any new-fangled artificial constituencies, that have been made the theme of thousands of Liberal addresses to rural audiences, and Village Councils we make no doubt that it will now be.

It would, however, be a mistake to trust merely to the creation of a Village Council for the emancipation of the farm labourer. Competent observers of Hodge doubt, indeed, whether he will, for a long time to come, pluck up sufficient courage to take any kind of independent action in the Village Parliament, even if he can be induced to take his seat there. Dwellers in towns hardly realise the weight of the atmosphere of subjection which wraps round the hearths of those villages in which no allotment creates independence and no free cottage gives security to the home; where a dispute with the farmer means eviction at the end of the week, and eviction necessitates an aimless, homeless exile; where the law is a vague terror born of generations of class bias and oppression, and the labourer sees combined against him the mystic fourfold power wielded by the small knot of men who are at once his employers, his landlords, his Poor Law Guardians, and the magistrates who enforce obedience to this feudal order. Add to this the spiritual power in the shape of the "Established" clergyman, and a very efficient temporal arm in the guise of a branch of the Primrose League, and it is small wonder if Hodge sometimes capitulates at discretion, sullenly accepts

his coals and blankets, and leaves political thinking and independent voting to his betters. This is not a hopeful field in which to find the "village Hampdens" who will be needed in the rural council which is to assert popular rights.

All Village Councils, however, will not be formed of farm labourers. It is often forgotten that a large majority of those now living outside municipal areas are not agriculturists at all, nor do they live in genuinely rural districts. Visitors to South Molton know of what political stuff the shoemakers of Crediton are made. The miners of Northumberland and the Forest of Dean, the shoemakers of the Midland hamlets, the textile operatives of the Lancashire and Yorkshire valleys, the fishermen of our coast villages, the quarrymen of North Wales, and many other sturdy citizens, who will be for the first time really enfranchised by the establishment of Village Councils, are quite as well prepared for local self-government as the average municipal elector. Even in the rural village the local blacksmith or shoemaker will often serve as a rallying point for popular resistance. But for any real growth in rural independence we must rely, in the main, upon the organisation of the labourers into trade unions. It is the union alone which can give the landless Hampden the necessary sense of security against being "victimised" by his employer, and without such security the political independence of the farm labourer is, we fear, an almost hopeless dream.

The recent election in South Oxfordshire furnished, if we mistake not, a striking instance of the political effect of the labourers' Trade Union organisation. The constituency for which Mr. Benson made so gallant a fight was at that time in process of organisation by the Dockers' Union, but only a small number of villages had yet formed their branches. Careful estimates on the polling-day brought out the result that in these villages the labourers' vote went almost solidly Radical. Where, on the other hand, no union existed the Primrose League swept to the polling-booth a vote almost as solidly Conservative. South Molton, it is true, has now been won without trade union organisation, but in South Molton Mr. Lambert had the exceptional good fortune of extensive tenant-farmer support. It is where the farmers are against us as well as the squires that the real stress of the political battle rages; and only in a few constituencies are the bulk of the farmers sufficiently alive to their own interests to free themselves from their semi-feudal subservience to the landed class.

It is therefore of good augury, both for the efficiency of the Village Councils and for that Liberal victory which is to establish them, that Trade Unionism among farm labourers in England is distinctly looking up. The Eastern Counties Labour Federation, a penny-a-week union, working from Ipswich as a centre, has increased its membership during the last few months from 3,000 to 7,000. "Arch's Union" is doing well since it practically restricted its operations to Norfolk and the neighbourhood; and there are signs that the scarcely defunct branches in Oxfordshire and the Fen Country may spring again into existence. The London and Southern Counties Labour League claims to have 13,000 members, chiefly in Kent and Sussex. Some farm labourers in the north are enrolled in the Tyneside and National Labour Union, and others in the National Labour Federation. In Lincolnshire and Oxfordshire many agriculturists belong to the Dockers' Union; some in the Midlands to the General Railway Workers' Union; and a few in all parts to the Gasworkers' and Navvies' Unions. Whatever may be the case in the towns, in the

country all the evidence seems to point to the coincidence of Trade Unionism with the free expression of Radical opinions. Assuredly the promotion and development of this form of democratic organisation ought, we suggest, to form a leading topic at next month's rural Conference.

AN UNSTABLE EQUILIBRIUM.

THE panic on the Bourse at Vienna on Saturday is being treated as if it were due to organised fraud. In reality, it seems to have been the result of a series of mistranslations and misapprehensions. But whatever its occasion, it is the most striking of the many recent signs of the nervous tension prevailing all over Europe. Every week this year has seen a fresh budget either of war rumours or of pacific assurances. The former are generally palpably, very often ludicrously, false; the latter are always literally true. But their constant recurrence shows that they are essentially valueless. Accordingly, the public mind is ready to accept any absurdity—at any rate, for a few hours. One day a Russian merchant ship passes through the Dardanelles under circumstances which have often occurred before. The incident in itself has little more significance than the passage of H.M. reserved merchant cruiser *Ophir* through the Suez Canal. But it suffices to provoke alarm all over Europe. Another day, an English admiral lands blue-jackets on an uninhabited and perfectly worthless island in the *Ægean* to go through the platoon exercises which are their daily work in English ports. Immediately the Bourses of Europe, disregarding such trifles as the elementary principles of international law, and not stopping to consider that it would be simpler and safer to seize *Mitylene* itself, concludes that Lord Salisbury has done in time of peace what Lord Beaconsfield with all his Indian troops did not venture to do during a European war. Another day, we hear that King Humbert has confided to perhaps the least likely prince in Europe the fourfold character of the Triple Alliance. Again, it is announced in Paris that the labour troubles in Belgium are to be suppressed by German troops. A little later, the French Chauvinists—even sensible men like M. Lockroy—take alarm at the forts on the Meuse. The elaborate international courtesies of the summer appear merely as the ceremonious politeness which precedes a duel, and is customary where the duel prevails. Last Friday week the Emperor of Austria told a deputation of Polish members of the Reichsrath that in the event of a war there would be serious danger if the railways in Galicia were not under the absolute control of the Government. His remarks were apparently misinterpreted, amplified, and overstrained; and next day there was a panic on the Vienna Bourse such as has not been known since the crash of 1873. All Count Kalnoky's pacific assurances have hardly sufficed to restore the equilibrium. The political world of Europe is like one of those unstable chemical compounds which can hardly be touched or approached without a dangerous explosion—if, indeed, they do not anticipate the crisis by exploding of themselves. Those of us whose view of history is not dominated by our love for the picturesque have been hoping that with the growth of nationality—which is but democracy disguised under phrases—"the individual would wither"; that individual caprices and trivial causes would lose their dangers to society. And now the capricious fancies or the personal pique of two or three people may produce the greatest war the world has yet seen. We are free indeed from the dangers of the personal power of Prince Bismarck and Signor

Crispi; but one of the three Emperors is a religious bigot, permanently in danger of assassination, pressed on all sides by the manifold perils of his dominions, controlled by officials whose interests make wholly for war. Another cannot seemingly be relied on to refrain from eccentric escapades for two weeks together. His intentions, doubtless, are always admirable, but no man can say what form they will take next, or what novel means he will adopt to carry them out. But it is not merely that two or three potentates may be scared into precipitating the explosion, or that those foreign correspondents who make it their business to caricature in their own persons the traditional vices of eighteenth century diplomacy may startle Europe into war. A Bulgarian Bishop in Macedonia, or a fussy official on the Galician frontier, or even half-a-dozen amorous Kurds in Armenia or Albanians in Old Serbia, may start the series of events that inevitably lead to the explosion.

The truth is, not that the individual does not count for less than he formerly did, but that in this state of unrest, to adapt a familiar philosophical phrase, the occasion often appears as the cause. In Central Europe, no doubt there are ample reasons for this unrest. There is, first of all, the position of Alsace and Lorraine. There is the instability of the Austrian Empire—emphasised this week by a fresh explosion of wrath against the German domination on the part of the humble Slovenes and the more formidable Czechs; there is the Irredentist agitation in Italy; it is not without reason, truly, that Austria is fortifying the passes of the Dolomites against her faithful ally. But we must look eastward for more immediate causes of alarm. Russia is massing troops—or, at least, is quite ready to mass them—on the Austrian, Roumanian, and Turkish frontiers. The precedent set by our own action in Egypt may easily be utilised for the "administration" of Macedonia, or even, perhaps, of Bulgaria. The only question is whether Russia's empire may not collapse before her condition drives her to act. She is on the verge of an agrarian and social revolution whose course no man can foretell. But before it comes Greece may strike at Turkey, or Turkey may invite the intervention of Russia, or the state of Albania may call for Servian interference, or the troubles of Bulgaria, real and factitious, may reach a final climax; or something wholly unpredictable and unexpected may occur to precipitate the European outbreak. There is some excuse for the tendency of current philosophy to revive the conception of the spontaneous and essentially unpredictable agency Chance.

Moreover, in the present state of the world, economic difficulties heighten the tension as they never did before. It is not that there are difficulties between capital and labour. Whatever it might do if it were once established, Socialism at present still makes for cosmopolitanism. But though the working classes are supposed to constitute the democracy, they do not at present pay heed to international policy, still less so, if possible, to international finance. The political classes, or, at least, those for whom foreign telegrams are composed, are, especially on the Continent, essentially *bourgeois*. Now that everybody among the comfortable class is more or less interested in stocks, and that capital is becoming cosmopolitan, financial fluctuations are felt everywhere, and individual losses impress the imagination of the losers out of all proportion to their magnitude. Economic causes in America contribute to the unrest, and the effect is felt in the recurrent fevers of the European Bourses. The "educated classes of Europe" have been taught a history which in England and France is nearly all about kings and

wars, and in Germany contains, in addition, a great deal of bad metaphysics about national spirit and national destiny. These race theories, based on false inferences from philology to nationality, are responsible for a good deal of the disquiet in Central Europe. Greece would like to attack Turkey; but—putting aside the desires of the young Czech in moments of vinous exaltation—it may be doubted whether any other people really wants to attack anything. But the big armies, which guarantee European peace, impress the popular imagination so much as almost to guarantee war. So do the official and essentially *bourgeois* traditions of Protection. And so, wasting our resources meanwhile in warlike material, we all drift on towards a cataclysm which our study of the situation only tends to precipitate, and which, when it does come, may form an excellent prelude to a new barbarian invasion.

THE VESTRY MIND.

THE argumentative battle on the London School Board elections—so far as the Progressives have had to contend against anything more enlightened than an egregious combination of clericals and landlords—has been, in the main, an argument between what we may call the Progressive and the Vestry Mind. A certain number of people, ignorant of the vast strides which education has taken abroad, and of the truly national pride with which, in every country but our own, its progress is followed, awake every three years to the discovery that national elementary instruction is costing them something, and is likely to cost them a little more. We do not blame these persons; the men whom we blame are the dishonest experts who, thoroughly aware of the inevitable enlargement of the national system, use the workings of the Vestry Mind to enable them to continue to control it in their own interests. Lord Wemyss, for instance, is an excellent example of the ennobled vestryman (in Sir Bernard Burke's, not in Henrik Ibsen's, sense). In 1871 Lord Wemyss tells us that the School Board rate for London was about one penny in the £. In 1891 it is about one shilling. *Ergo*, down with everything but the three R's. The average London artisan, who bears on his shoulders every morning the social burden of such people as Lord Wemyss, does not use this argument, and is not attracted by it. But there is every reason to believe that it is regarded as conclusive in first-class railway carriages, by all dukes, by most stockbrokers, and by nineteen out of twenty clergymen of the Church of England. The three R's argument, the pianos argument, the swimming-baths argument, the argument from the comparative cost of voluntary schools—are all typical flowerings of mental vestrydom. You may point out that the Department does not allow even the low creature whom Grosvenor Square classifies as the "gutter child" to be taught anything but the three R's, that no "optional" subjects are taught but those which Parliament prescribes, and that the more "optional" subjects you introduce the greater the relief to the ratepayers. You may explain that the pianos amount to about the fifteenth-hundredth part of the School Board Budget, and you may call the witness of school managers, teachers, and visitors to the really touching change which this absolutely trifling expenditure has wrought in the brightness of little children's lives scanted of all things that are pleasurable and that young creatures love. You may point to the immeasurable inferiority of the system with which, by a most cruel and insensate policy, the School Boards are made to march in rigid step,

and may further show that, child for child, the School Board teacher costs less than his voluntary colleague. You may ask—it has been asked over and over again in this contest without a shadow of a reply—*what* particular economy the Economists (save the mark!) intend to effect? You may show with indisputable accuracy that the rate—which has really grown by less than threepence since Mr. Diggle's friends cooked their election budget—has been swollen by Mr. Helby's follies on the Works Committee, by "economical" building, by the "economical" purchase of sites, by "economical" treatment of contractors, far more than by the efficient administration of the Education Act. You may prove that the London School Board costs more than the average provincial Board because it has a larger proportion of children under its control. You may put to the Vestry Mind the simple question whether there is any form of national expenditure which is recouped so promptly as that on education. But you will get no "forrarder." The conception of a collective urban life, which has dawned by degrees on nearly all the great English towns—on Birmingham, on Manchester, on Glasgow, on Liverpool, on Newcastle—is as yet hidden from the eyes of the London "classes." Probably the reason is to be sought in the fact that the practice of municipal institutions has been lacking to them, as the great educating influences among the workers—Trades Unionism and the co-operative movement—have been largely wanting to the "masses." London exists for far too large a number of people as a centre of profitless dissipation. Especially has the London landlord, who is largely absentee, like his Irish brother, developed the characteristic failing of his caste in supposing that his social duty begins and ends with the extraction of unearned increment. Happily for Londoners who are not landlords, this weakness has involved the fatal lack of prudence which is the mark of all indulged classes. The London landlord, in reminding the London ratepayer of his public burdens, has placed in a clear light the fact that his own property does not contribute one farthing to their alleviation. His intervention in the School Board election was gratuitous; but it promises to be highly beneficial.

On the whole we see no reason to believe that the Vestry Mind will achieve any more remarkable results at this election than at the last. It was supposed to have done extremely well in 1888, and, lo and behold, it has had nothing but travail and discomfort of the work of its hands. We do not see any prospect of its faring better this time. Where is Mr. Diggle's majority to come from? On the last Board Messrs. Raphael, Rose, White, Barnes, Gent, Kitson, Curtis, entered as Mr. Diggle's supporters. To-day they are all standing in practical opposition. The Progressives will do badly if, now that the ground has been fairly cleared of superfluous candidates, they do not win two seats in the City and two—Miss Eve and Mr. Stockall or Mr. Forder—in Finsbury. In the Tower Hamlets we fully expect to see Mr. Schnadhorst, Mrs. Homan, and Mr. G. L. Bruce returned. In Hackney all three Progressives stand a fair chance, and Mr. Kitson's return would not be disadvantageous to the Progressive cause. In Marylebone Mr. Lyulph Stanley and Mrs. Maitland will, we hope, be returned without difficulty, but Mr. Baum's candidature may possibly imperil the chances of the brilliant and indispensable leader of the party of light. In Chelsea Mr. Gent has been wisely adopted as a Progressive, and he should have Dr. Gladstone and Dr. Davies as his colleagues. Mr. Rogers's candidature in West Lambeth may endanger Mrs. Mallet, but by a proper division of voting strength he might be

returned in her company. Southwark, Westminster, and Greenwich should each return two Progressives, and East Lambeth three, on a moderate calculation. This would give twenty-seven Progressives, with, say, half a dozen Independents as a Right and anti-Diggles wing. We see no cause for discouragement here. Mr. Diggle will have a party, contemptible for intellect and character, but we do not believe that he will obtain even a mechanical majority. Unless he does, we hope that there will be not a moment's hesitation in removing him from the position which he has abused and replacing him by Mr. Stanley. Let power and responsibility go together. At present Mr. Diggle's appeals to the Vestry mind have this trifling difficulty—that in accusing others Mr. Diggle accuses himself and the party whom he put into all the responsible positions on the Board whose record he seeks to repudiate, and whose interests he has betrayed.

THE SPANISH CRISIS.

THE origin of the Spanish crisis, which is exciting so much alarm, not only at home but upon the Continent and in this country, is to be found in the wasteful extravagance of the Government. In no European country outside Turkey, perhaps, is the fiscal system so bad as in Spain. There is exaggerated Protection, which restricts the free exchange of commodities between Spain and her neighbours; and, furthermore, the taxation is antiquated and inequitable, the rich paying far less than their due share of the public burdens. Worse still, the administration is badly paid, incompetent, and corrupt. As a natural consequence of all this, the taxes are always in arrears; and although Spain has advanced in material wealth during recent years, the revenue does not grow at all in proportion. At the same time, unfortunately, the expenditure is constantly increasing. This is partly the result of the political condition of the country. The Monarchy rests only upon a minority—or, at all events, upon a portion of the people. In the south Republicanism is strong, and in the north Carlism still flourishes. The Government feels, consequently, that it must keep up a larger army than the wealth of the country can really afford. It keeps up, too, a disproportionately large navy, and it has engaged in public works which the national resources do not justify. Therefore, as already said, the expenditure increases year by year, while the revenue does not grow proportionately. Every year, in consequence, there is a large deficit, and the deficit is covered by temporary borrowing. At the present time, for example, the floating debt exceeds £32,000,000 sterling. For some time before the Baring crisis there is no doubt that the Spanish Government could have borrowed in Paris enough to fund its floating debt; but it was not satisfied with the conditions demanded by the great financial houses, and it refrained, therefore, from raising a new loan, in the hope that its credit would improve, or, if not, that the desire of the financial houses to do business would induce them to accept its own terms. Meantime, as it must have money, it compelled the Bank of Spain to advance whatever funds were needed from time to time. In this way the Bank has become embarrassed. Between the end of 1887 and the middle of the present year—a period of less than 4½ years—the debt due from the Government to the Bank increased over 50 per cent., so that at the present time the Government owes to the Bank more than £30,000,000. In order to make these large advances, the Bank had, in the first place, to reduce the necessary accommodation

it gave to the trading public. In the 4½ years referred to, the loans and discounts—that is to say, the bank accommodation given to the public—decreased about one-third; so that while the accommodation given to the Government *increased* by more than a half, the accommodation given to the trading and agricultural classes *decreased* by about a third. Trade was thus starved, while the extravagance of the Government was constantly fed.

To enable it to go on lending in this reckless way to the Government, the Bank had, besides restricting the accommodation it gave to the public, to increase enormously its note circulation. Until the summer of this year, the Bank could not issue more notes than five times the amount of its capital, or £30,000,000; and, furthermore, it was bound to keep one-fourth of the circulation in gold and silver. About midsummer of this year the note circulation nearly reached the limit; and as the Government could not borrow abroad, owing to the Baring crisis and the growing difficulties in Paris, while it was in urgent need of money, it introduced a Bill into the Cortes authorising the Bank of Spain to increase its note circulation to £60,000,000, provided it kept a reserve in gold and silver of one-third of the circulation. It was even allowed to issue more than £60,000,000 of notes, provided it kept one-half the excess in gold and silver. The Bill became law, and the Government, of course, compelled the Bank to make to it further advances, with the result that just now the note circulation exceeds £31,500,000. But the Bank has found it impossible to increase its stock of gold and silver. The stock at present is only about £9,500,000. Thus the Bank has broken the law, having as reserve at present nearly a million sterling less than it ought to hold. As a natural consequence, the public in Spain has become alarmed. Spain owes more to the rest of the world than the rest of the world owes to it. It cannot—or, at all events, it has not succeeded up to the present in increasing its exports largely, and to pay its debts, therefore, it has had to send abroad considerable amounts of gold. The exports of gold have weakened the Bank at the very time when the Bank has been increasing its note circulation, and therefore has been bound by law to increase the gold and silver. It is not surprising, then, that the notes have fallen to a discount of about 15 per cent., and thereby the burden of all foreign debts is proportionately increased. As £100 in Bank of Spain notes are worth only about £85, everyone who has to pay money abroad finds his debt increased about 15 per cent. People know, of course, that the Government cannot borrow abroad, and that either it cannot or will not reduce its expenditure; consequently everyone fears that the Government will go on borrowing from the Bank, and that the Bank, therefore, will have to continue increasing its note circulation. But if it does, and does not comply with the law that requires it to keep in gold and silver one-third of its circulation, the notes will become still more depreciated, and the difficulties of Spain will rapidly increase. As a matter of course, there are fears that the crisis may lead to political disturbances, and, if it lasts very long, may even end in revolution. But whether it does or not, there is serious apprehension in France that the notes may become so depreciated that trading companies will not be able to meet their obligations. For instance, it is generally estimated in France that investors and bankers in that country hold about £150,000,000 of Spanish securities—Government bonds, railway shares and bonds, municipal bonds, and the like. In this country investments in Spanish

securities are not nearly as large as in France; still, they are large, and a breakdown in Spain would therefore inflict much loss upon British investors. Fortunately, however, the great banks and financial houses in London have not lent largely to Spain of late, and therefore even a breakdown in that country would not have nearly such grave consequences in London as it undoubtedly would have in Paris.

To relieve it of its difficulties the Bank of Spain applied to the Messrs. Rothschild and the Banque de Paris to renew old loans made by them to it, which will fall due in a couple of months. After long negotiations this has been agreed to; but that does not improve the position of the Bank. It relieves it, of course, from the necessity of making a large payment by-and-by, but it does not enable it to increase its gold and silver; therefore the Bank has requested the Messrs. Rothschild to lend it between two and three millions sterling for the purpose of buying gold and silver. The Messrs. Rothschild, however, are hesitating, and it seems very doubtful indeed whether they will comply. If they were to do so, it is almost certain that the Government would immediately require the Bank to give it more money—a fact which must be perfectly well known to Messrs. Rothschild. But if the Government binds itself not to borrow from the Bank, how can it pay its way? Perhaps a temporary relief may be afforded by the Bank selling some of the Government securities lodged with it by the Government when the loans were made. That would enable the Bank to buy gold and silver, and for a while to comply with the law; but there still is the danger that the Government would insist upon further loans.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

EXCEPT for the striking illustration of the nervous tension prevalent just now throughout Europe which is afforded by the panic at Vienna on Saturday—with which we deal elsewhere—and for the visit of M. de Giers to Paris, where he will no doubt make the most of the reported tortures inflicted on political opponents by the Bulgarian Government—the main feature of interest in international politics this week is economic. The Customs League of Central Europe has advanced one stage nearer achievement. The treaty of commerce between Austria and Italy was signed on Tuesday; negotiations between the representatives of these two Powers and Switzerland were resumed immediately afterwards; the Austro-German commercial treaty is to be revised for presentation to the Reichstag, and for the criticism of Prince Bismarck; while Belgium is now struggling to preserve her commercial neutrality, and hesitating whether to admit German agricultural products free of duty, or to wait to deal with them until a new treaty of commerce with France is negotiated. The recovery by the latter nation of her position in Europe, which has caused her statesmen so much rejoicing, may be balanced by her exclusion from the European economy.

On Monday the French Chamber acquiesced, by 374 to 135, in the recent action of the Senate in raising the duty on American pork.

By the time these lines are published M. Lafargue's election for Lille will probably have been annulled on the ground that he is an alien. A protest from certain electors of Lille was lodged early this week with the President of the Chamber, stating that he was born in Cuba, and his father likewise; that he had never formally assumed French nationality; that he was expelled from Bordeaux in 1871 as a dangerous foreigner, when engaged in preaching the doctrines of the International; that

he then retired to his own country—Spain—and that the Spanish Government offered his extradition. A sub-commission of the Elections Committee of the Chamber, appointed by lot, has been dealing with the question, and was expected to give its decision on Friday. M. Lafargue states that his father was born in Hayti when it was a French possession, but he can produce no evidence that he is a French subject, and appears never to have been on the list for military service. His entry into the Chamber made little sensation, and though his friends are confident that if disqualified he will be returned again by a largely increased majority, it is to be hoped the Monarchists of Lille will return to their senses in the interim.

Another contested election in the Nord just now is hardly desirable in view of the existing labour troubles. In the neighbouring department of the Pas de Calais, in consequence of the plébiscite of miners taken last week, a meeting of delegates was held at Lens on Monday. The men demand shorter hours, more equal wages, a minimum wage of 5 fr. 50 c. per day, the re-engagement of miners dismissed for taking part in labour movements, and the reform of the management of the sick and pension funds. M. Basly, the chairman of the Union and a Deputy, advised against the strike, and all but prevailed on the meeting to send a deputation to Paris, urging the Ministry to proceed with legislation on the last point. But the strike was voted by forty-eight to forty-six. He brought the matter before the Chamber on Thursday. Compulsory arbitration, though supported by M. Clemenceau, was rejected by 333 to 196. The Government has appointed a committee of five arbitrators. Meanwhile there are 34,000 miners out: the colliers of the Nord and the Loire are inclined to join, and the situation may prove very serious.

The German Reichstag reassembled on Tuesday. Besides the Budget, the programme of the Session is formidable, and may prove exciting. The consideration of the Labour Protection law—the fruit of the Berlin conference—will be resumed on December 2nd. Meanwhile, the law on workmen's insurance against sickness, now before the House, will be debated. A Telegraph Bill, which establishes a strict Post Office monopoly, and a Bill dealing with the Guelph or reptile fund; the drastic laws dealing with habitual drunkards and prostitution—the fruit of the well-meant zeal of the Emperor—and, above all, the Commercial Treaties with Austria and Italy, will provoke exciting debates. Prince Bismarck, who has announced to a delegate from his constituency that he will not attend the Reichstag just yet, may possibly speak on the Budget of Foreign Affairs, and will doubtless come forward in the debate on the Commercial Treaty with Austria as the champion of the distressed agriculturist. The Liberals will take an early opportunity of attacking the duties on corn, the reduction proposed by the Austrian treaty being quite trifling; and the debates on Colonial affairs will be somewhat heated.

Prince Bismarck's enthusiastic reception on passing through Berlin on Saturday need not be taken as a political demonstration. Liberal papers, however, point the moral that the Government has offended all parties, while Prince Bismarck, at least, led the Cartell.

Another escapade on the part of the Emperor has caused some excitement. When at Munich, in September, he wrote his name in the visitors' book at the Rathhaus. Afterwards, the book was sent to his temporary abode for the signature of the Chancellor. Whereupon the Emperor took occasion to add to his signature the words, "Supremæ lex regis voluntas." It has not yet been ascertained whether he meant "The highest law is the Imperial will" or "The king wills the highest (i.e., the moral or Divine) law." But the former meaning is the obvious one, and the Conservative papers are doing

their best to apologise. As the King of Bavaria is a lunatic, the aphorism is particularly inappropriate at Munich.

The printers' strike—chiefly for shorter hours and Sunday rest—has spread from Berlin to other large towns. Soldiers have been employed in Munich to print urgent official documents. The municipal elections in Berlin show large Socialist gains—six seats on the first ballot.

During the discussion of the Budget of Education in the Austrian Reichsrath on Saturday, the Minister of Education, Herr von Gautsch, defended the teaching of German on the ground that it was necessary for the unity of the Empire to employ a language understood by all cultivated persons. This was, of course, taken by the Slavs as an insult to Slav culture; a Slovene deputy appealed to the Divine protection on behalf of his nationality; a Czech supported him; the Catholic Conservatives—who are Germans—sympathised; the German Liberals supported the Minister and defied the Slavs; and people are talking of a reconstruction of the Ministry. The question of the official language—the leading question for years in Bohemia—is always sure to excite a storm in Austria.

The Norwegian General Election is slowly dragging on to its close. The Government has secured at least sixty of the 114 seats. Whether they will have a sufficient majority to pass any of their three great reforms remains to be seen.

We deal elsewhere with the financial crisis in Spain. The municipal elections in Lisbon show a very decided Republican decline. On Sunday the King and Queen will visit Oporto—the centre of the Republican agitation.

King Milan has renounced all his rights in Servia, for a consideration—the Government guaranteeing the loan of 2,000,000 francs already made him by a Russian bank.

The first meeting to protest against the privileges accorded to the Pope by the law of guarantees was held on Sunday in the Teatro della Cannobiana at Milan, and prematurely dissolved by a commissary of police on the reading of a telegram of sympathy speaking offensively of the Pope. The place was cleared by soldiers and police. Signor Cavallotti will bring the matter before the Chamber. Two thousand persons, mostly working men, were present.

Judgment in the Livraghi-Cagnassi prosecution was given at Massowah yesterday. The case against these two personages had practically been abandoned. The telegrams mention the charges of murder against them, but they have been now tried only for misappropriation of confiscated property and conspiracy to accuse certain natives of treason. They were acquitted, though some of their native associates were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

A National Exhibition was opened at Palermo by the King of Italy on Sunday.

The Peace Congress was closed on Monday.

In Russia a great conspiracy to promote the introduction of a popular assembly has been discovered, and sixty arrests have been made at Moscow. Brigandage—owing to the famine—is said to be rampant near Cracow. The illness of the Minister of Finance is officially denied. The management of the Caucasian railways has broken down, and the surplus grain is rotting at the stations.

Emigration to Argentina is reviving—some 2,500 emigrants having left Genoa for Buenos Ayres on Friday week; but the situation is said to be serious. The troops in Buenos Ayres are kept under arms. Another revolution is feared, and there are rumours of a military mutiny at Rosario.

The news from Brazil is sent under Government supervision; but there is no doubt that the province of Rio Grande—though divided against itself—is mainly at open war with the Dictator, that it is fully prepared, and that the movement is largely controlled by Monarchists; and that Sao Paulo is likely to follow. The insurgents have adopted

a new flag, and blocked the mouth of the Rio Grande.

The Cabinet crisis in Chili is over. Señor Montt has been unanimously elected President.

A ROUMANIAN FARM ON THE RUSSIAN BORDER.

THE visit I paid to the farm of my Roumanian friend interested me chiefly because his estate lay close to the Russian border; and as newspapers told me that famine was staring the population of that country in the face, it was naturally of interest to note how far the same conditions prevailed in a country with about the same soil and climate. My host, moreover, was a man of wide travel and broad sympathies, conversant with his country's needs, and ready to enlighten my ignorance. To assure me, however, against possible error, we went together to call upon his farmer, and secure his company for a drive over the estate. The farmer was intelligent, well dressed, and living in a house furnished as comfortably as that of any farmer in England or America. While the horses were being harnessed I asked the prices of various things, and noted the following:—

His yoke of ordinary mountain oxen cost £6.

His best yoke of oxen, of the plains, cost £12.

His four-wheeled ox waggon, with pole like ours, but no iron tyres, cost £5.

His best farm waggon, made all by hand in his village, and one that struck me as very strong, light, and useful, and which I was told carried 2,050 kilogrammes (5,330 pounds), cost him £12.

His pair of ordinary but useful horses cost £20.

His best pair of very strong, swift, and handsome Bessarabian horses cost him £40—a pair that would have excited envy in any stable.

He pays his men two francs a day during harvest, and half that amount in the winter-time, in addition to their food and lodging.

Such items as I jotted down in this farm-yard refer only to what an individual farmer did on a Roumanian farm in the autumn of 1891, and can only serve as the basis for generalisation in so far as his experience is that of other farmers of the country—which I am assured is the case. The prices I mention are low, but the cost of living is in correspondence; and my host can give an able-bodied man all he can consume, including a reasonable amount of wine, for sixty centimes, or less than sixpence a day. The labourers and peasants that I met in the fields and about the roadways looked well fed, hardy, and industrious; their cottages clean and commodious.

"But what of the Russians?" I asked. "Are they not starving over there, while you are rolling in plenty?"

"That," answered my host, "is the fruit of Protection. We are glad to pay for their horses and oxen, and no doubt some of them would like to have our corn; but, as matters stand, you could not induce one of my peasants to cross the Russian frontier."

On my journey down the Danube I had coasted the whole southern frontier of Roumania, and was struck by the large quantity of English steamers moored to the banks, and taking in cargoes of grain—not to speak of craft of other countries. In view of the alleged famine in Russia it was reasonable to assume that most of this food-stuff was destined to relieve the distress within the Czar's dominions, but such was not the case I discovered. It was intended mainly for western Europe. My host subsequently prepared for me a statistical table of Roumanian trade for the five years preceding 1889, the average of which showed the strange fact—

1st. That nine-tenths of it was with western Europe—England, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Spain, Sweden, and Norway.

2nd. That only one-tenth of it was with the East; and

3rd. That in this one-tenth, two-thirds is represented by Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, and Turkey;

4th. That only one-third of this tenth represents the trade carried on with her nearest neighbour—Russia.

In view of this, why should English and Americans collect money for a people who, while reported as starving, refuse to satisfy their needs by trading with neighbours who are more than willing to satisfy their wants?

We drove many miles by the side of splendid fields of maize, wheat, and oats—all testifying to the bounty of the Almighty, for not in many years has such a splendid harvest been known. I have inspected many fields ripe for harvest in Manitoba and Minnesota, but never saw anything to surpass the grain harvested this year along the Russian side of Roumania. When we came to where the steam-threshers were puffing and shaking the hard red berries from the wheat stalks, we found a number of Greek grain buyers, who had come here from the Danube to bargain for their principals, coming directly to the farmer with bags and carts, in order to lose no time. The wheat in question was finding ready sale, although the price had risen since last year in the ratio of 9 francs to 14 francs the sack, the traders paying only about 1 franc for a kilogramme, or, say, 10d. for 2·2 pounds, at which rate the quarter—of twenty-eight pounds—would represent only a cash value on the farm of twelve shillings. How cheaply the Roumanian is fed compared with his fellow-man in the British Isles appears when we recall that since 1846 the average price of wheat in England has never fallen below thirty shillings a quarter.

The land question in Roumania appears to have been settled tolerably, for to my questions on this subject I received the following answers:—

“Up to 1866 the relation of peasants to proprietors was feudal and unsatisfactory. The peasants were bound to give twenty-two days of their labour out of every year to the lord of the land, who, naturally, selected the days that suited him best, and who also took as tribute one-third of all that the peasant raised upon his land. Under this system the owner worked his estate for nothing, and was only too glad to let his peasants have all the land they would cultivate.

“But that system had this drawback—that the peasants did not feel any particular allegiance to the soil of the landlord, and were constantly shifting from one estate to another, much as sailors go from ship to ship, hunting for an easy fore-castle.

“The rural law passed in 1866 forced every estate to transfer to each peasant upon it eleven pogons (about twelve acres) in fee simple; thus at one stroke abolishing serfdom in the kingdom. In addition, the State made a present of eleven additional pogons to each peasant who married, making him, not merely a free man, but one fairly started in the line of prosperity. So far the scheme worked well. The estates thus transferred were declared inalienable for at least fifty years, so as to prevent the former masters buying back the land they had been forced to part with. My estate,” continued my host, “brings me in thirty thousand francs a year, of which ten per cent., or three thousand francs, goes to the Government as tax. The peasant, however, has to pay double the tax, or twenty per cent.—not only the ten per cent. that I pay, but ten per cent. additional as the interest on the money which the State devoted in 1866 to buying the land from his former master. As a landlord I do not object to the burdens which others bear on my account; but as a man I feel that the peasants have some cause to grumble.”

There is reason to fear that the double burden of taxation now resting upon the Roumanian peasant represents a grievance which the politician of a certain class is never slow to utilise for the sake of posing as the people's tribune, and that the landlords

themselves would have been wise in their generation had they asked no price for the few acres each was made to surrender in 1866. But many as must be the faults of any measure so sweeping as the Roumanian rural law, it has done the country good, and raised the peasants infinitely beyond the level of their fellow-creatures on the Russian side of the frontier. They are now free men before the law; their property is secured to them; and they are sure that though the present generation bears a heavy burden, it is leaving a precious heritage to the next. From what I learned on this Roumanian farm, and from conversation with capable people of that country, I feel justified in concluding that the Roumanian peasants may be counted upon to resist aggression on the part of Russia; not so much from sentimental regard for the parties to the Triple Alliance, as from the conviction that their material prosperity is vastly greater than that of their neighbours across the Pruth, and that they have everything to lose by becoming tributary to Holy Russia.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

MRS. GRIMWOOD'S STORY.*

NO one can read Mrs. Grimwood's narrative without perceiving that, although it does not directly challenge the policy which led to the disaster in Manipur, it has all the moral effect of a deadly indictment. There is not a word of censure on the astonishing errand which took Mr. Quinton to Manipur, nor upon the still more astonishing means he was instructed to employ in order to assert the authority of the Indian Government. But by describing in vivid detail the condition of affairs before and after the flight of the exiled Maharajah, Mrs. Grimwood makes it plain that such a piece of meddlesome folly as the mission of the Chief Commissioner is rare even in the annals of bureaucracy. The revolution in Manipur was caused by a family quarrel amongst the princes. Rejecting Mr. Grimwood's offer to act as intermediary, the Maharajah fled the country in a panic. He was succeeded as Regent by the Jubraj, whose title passed to the Senaputti—the man who has been execrated by the Indian Government as one of the most notorious ruffians in the East. By the Grimwoods he was regarded as an Oriental of the best type. “He was manly and generous to a fault, a good friend, and a bitter enemy. We liked him because he was much more broad-minded than the rest. If he promised a thing that thing would be done, and he would take the trouble to see himself that it was done, and not be content with simply giving the order.” He lost no opportunity of showing courtesy and kindness to the Grimwoods; and it is significant that although he repaid with treachery what he regarded as treachery, there is no syllable of resentment against him in Mrs. Grimwood's testimony. As for the revolution, it was manifestly a public benefit. “The improvement was very great in everything. Roads that had been almost impassable in the ex-Maharajah's reign were repaired and made good enough to drive on. Bridges that had been sadly needed were erected, some of them on first-class plans, which were calculated to last three times as long as the flimsy structures which existed previously. The people seemed happier and more contented, and my husband found it much easier to work with the Manipur durbar than he had done when there were eight opinions to be consulted instead of four. There were no more petty jealousies and quarrels among the princes, and I had no fears about asking them all at once to any festivity.”

Such a state of affairs might have been expected to commend itself to any rational authority

* “My Three Years in Manipur.” By Ethel St. Clair Grimwood, Richard Bentley & Son.

exercising the powers of suzerainty. But the Viceroy and his advisers chose to think otherwise—upon what information no human being has yet divined. It never entered Mr. Grimwood's head that the majesty of the Indian Government had been affronted; but then he was a sensible man, and he was on the spot. He had every means of knowing the personal character of the new Jubraj, and he respected and trusted a prince whom the Viceroy, in his superior wisdom, thought it expedient to seize and deport "like a common felon."

Mrs. Grimwood protests against the reproach which has been cast upon her husband's memory that he was too friendly with the chief author of the revolution. Such a charge is an apt illustration of that hardihood in which red tape is without a peer. What is the object of keeping a British Resident in a State like Manipur if he is not to enjoy the full confidence of the ruling family, and to impress upon them the justice and sense of the Government he represents? It was Mr. Grimwood's misfortune that, having lived in perfect amity with the Manipur princes, he was forced, by the blind ignorance of his superiors at Calcutta, to be the instrument of a policy which was neither just nor sensible. "My husband," says Mrs. Grimwood, "was sent to the palace to see the Jubraj, and convey to him personally the orders of the Government, and use all his influence to persuade the prince to give himself up quietly, telling him at the same time that the proposed banishment was not to last for ever, but that it would depend chiefly on his good behaviour, and eventually at the death of his brother, the Regent, he (the Jubraj) would be allowed to return to Manipur and ascend the throne as Maharajah." Such instructions are almost too childishly absurd for belief. Here is a perfectly tranquil State, administered with equity and success. If Manipur had been left alone, Mr. Grimwood would have been alive to-day, playing polo with the princes, who never harboured the smallest ill-will against him. But it pleased the blundering bureaucrats at Calcutta, while they actually recognised the validity of the new administration, to order the chief author of it to become an exile during their will and pleasure, under a promise that he should eventually be made Maharajah! If he was the desperate character he has been painted in some fantastic documents, no such promise should have been given him. If he was not, no language is too strong to condemn the policy which, without the smallest warning, threatened him with indefinite banishment. To treat a high-spirited prince as a rebel, and then tell him that if he behaves well during his punishment he shall be rewarded with a regal ticket-of-leave, is one of the most stupid burlesques of government to be found in history. What wonder that the Jubraj regarded the whole disgraceful business as a trick, and turned like a tiger on the unfortunate Englishmen who laid down their lives in loyalty to a duty which ought never to have been imposed upon them?

Of the clearness, justice, and womanly courage which distinguish Mrs. Grimwood's story it is impossible to speak too highly. She describes with many graphic touches her domestic life in Manipur; the happy and uneventful days which carried so little presage of a bloody tragedy. The princes were always agreeable visitors, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly at the Residency, though their caste did not permit them to accept the usual hospitalities of an English host. They were interested in Mr. Grimwood's weapons, accompanied him on shooting expeditions, and treated him with an unvarying cordiality. The young princesses were absorbed in Mrs. Grimwood's toilette, and amused her with their intelligence and good-humour. Princes and people were alike simple, unaffected, and incapable of dark designs against the Indian Government. There was no part of the Empire in which the representatives of British supremacy were more respected and more secure, or in which the natives

less deserved that repute of bloodthirsty savages which is the customary lot of natives who venture to exasperate the great official mind. No man can lay down this book without feeling that the disturbance of this peace and security was a grossly wanton act, and that the responsibility for the sacrifice of most valuable lives rests heavily upon the Government of India. This feeling is none the less keen because the brave woman who lost her husband in this calamity, and whose simple heroism has been rewarded by the special favour of her Sovereign, utters no murmur against the cruel fatuity which blighted her life. There appears to have been some insinuation that the helplessness of this lady during the retreat from Manipur was the means of bringing discredit on the troops. In what quarter this particular baseness originated we will not inquire. "I think that the honour of England," says Mrs. Grimwood, with great spirit, "is as dear to us women as it is to the men;" and she adds that the women of England have that in them which would enable them to come as nobly and honourably as the men out of any dilemma. But we are afraid that in this comparison Mrs. Grimwood does a good deal more than justice to the nobility of the Indian Government.

WHY GO TO MASHONALAND?

TO anyone who has the slightest knowledge of the goldfields of South Africa it is a pitiful sight just now to watch the departure of a Cape steamer outward bound, bearing its load of healthy and light-hearted young men—almost every one of whom is stricken with that most dangerous of all fevers, the gold fever, and convinced that he, at all events, is destined to make his fortune out of the precious metal which has lured thousands of others to ruin. How many of them will do so? how many of them will even make a living in (Heaven save the mark!) this new Eldorado? It is the old, old story—credulosity and enthusiasm on the one hand, specious promises and lying prospectuses on the other. Three years ago it was in Johannesburg and the Transvaal that young men were to become millionaires in six months; now it is Fort Salisbury and Mashonaland. We have seen it all so often, at Lydenberg, at Pilgrim's Rest, at the Tati, at Barberton. It would seem as if Providence had specially handed over South Africa to the tender mercies of the emigration-agent and the company-monger, as if from time immemorial it had been noted down to be their happy hunting-ground.

Boom has succeeded boom, and "rush" has succeeded rush: wherever the soil has seemed at all likely, from the Zambesi to the Orange River, from Delagoa Bay to the great Kalahari Desert, men have tilled late and early with a perseverance that in any other business would have secured them long ago a comfortable independence, with a patience born of a never-failing hope that some day or other they would by one lucky stroke recoup themselves for all their previous labour. Nevertheless, you can count on your two hands the number of men who have made even a competence out of gold-mining in South Africa. And the reason is not far to seek. Nowhere except in the very exceptional cases of the alluvial fields in California and Australia, do you find gold as you find sand on the seashore; the nuggets and the "dust" have to be dug for, and dug for uncommonly hard. To do this, the digger must have tools which cost money, and he must have food, which is always at fabulous prices on a gold-field; he will be lucky if he can live under a pound a day, so that before he begins to make a profit he must extract at least two ounces of pure "stuff" per week from the gold-bearing soil, a task anybody who has tried it, even on what is called a "payable" gold-field, will find no easy one to accomplish.

How will it fare with the ingenious searcher

after wealth if, abandoning all idea of digging in *propria persona* for the precious metal, he puts himself and his capital into the hands of the wily company promoter? Is not the plaint of "the widow and the orphan" a sufficient answer? We do not wish to imply that every man who forms a company for the purpose of working a gold mine does so deliberately intending to swindle the public; but anyone who has watched the course of South African mining companies will arrive at the conclusion that in nine cases out of ten whatever profits there have been have found their way into the pockets of the promoter. It is of this species of highwayman that we would have the young men who are now rushing into Mashonaland especially aware. Already there are rumours of claims pegged out, of rich "finds," of wonderful reefs. Soon the company-promoter and his friends will again be on the war-path. What they did in Barberton, what they did in Johannesburg, that will they attempt with fresh vigour and undiminished effrontery in this new territory of the Chartered Company. Far be it from us to deny that gold exists in Mashonaland; unbiased explorers whose word can be relied on have seen it in the possession of the natives, and have also found it themselves. We will even admit that it may be worth the while of a few patient and experienced diggers—men who are old hands at the game, and already on or near the spot—to prospect and peg out a few claims; but there is a vast difference between this and the "booming" of a new country by means of exaggerated reports promulgated with the intention of attracting the money of the public and the labour of the immigrant. The truth is, that the moment the ordinary investor gets bitten with the gold craze he ceases for the time to be a reasoning being. Cool and wary speculators who are not to be tempted by Argentines and Uruguays lose their heads the moment the word gold is mentioned, and tumble over each other in their feverish desire to take shares in some bogus mine which is reported to be yielding Heaven knows how many ounces to the ton.

The public seems incapable of realising the fact that after all gold is only a commodity, just like anything else; gold is not wealth, and if it costs four pounds sterling to raise every ounce of a commodity which you can only sell afterwards at three pounds ten, it is obvious that the concern cannot be a paying one, whether the commodity to be raised is gold or silver, or cattle or walking-sticks. Now what reason is there to suppose that the mines to be worked and the companies to be formed in Mashonaland will pay any better than they have at Barberton or at Johannesburg? At the former place millions have been wasted in expensive plant and machinery which, for all the profit that has accrued to the luckless investors, might as well have been thrown into the sea. How many of the couple of hundred mines floated in Johannesburg are at the present moment paying any dividend at all?—a dozen, perhaps, at most. And this not because there is any lack of the precious metal, but simply and solely because the cost of production is so enormous. The Witwatersrand district has proved itself to be one of the richest gold-bearing areas the world has ever heard of; during the past four years more than five million pounds worth of gold have been extracted from it, yet not one per cent. of the people who have been interested in the country are one penny the richer for it. The difficulty which has hitherto been fatal to the Rand is the same which those who are so eager for other people to invest money in their mines will have to confront in Mashonaland, and it is a difficulty which we have no hesitation in saying will for a long time to come prove insurmountable.

Every young man who intends to try his luck in Mashonaland should have a clear idea in his mind before he starts as to why he is going. If he means to settle out there because he thinks he can do better for himself than at home, and if he is content to face the hardships and trials incident to the pioneer-

ing of every new land, well and good; he has, at all events, a probability of earning a decent livelihood. If, on the other hand, he is only going out there attracted by the reports of the mineral wealth of the country, and with the vague notion that, somehow or other, he is going to make his fortune in a few years—and we are afraid that it is with this intention the vast majority of the men now crowding to South Africa are leaving England—such a one had better keep his passage-money in his pocket and save himself the discomforts of sea-sickness. To all, we offer this advice: Turn a deaf ear to the voice of the company-promoter, charm he never so wisely.

TAME CATS.

IN the comedy which is now being presented at Terry's Theatre there is a character who has been so generally regarded as a caricature of a well-known member of London Society that the friends of that gentleman are said to have urged the Lord Chamberlain to order a modification of the performance, so as to divest the character of what is regarded as offensive in it. The character is that of a sycophant, installed as a social adviser in the household of the *parvenu* Tory politician whose miseries form the staple of the piece. Whether, when he elaborated the conception, Mr. Pinero was upon libellous thoughts intent we know not. But if he intended to reproduce an individual rather than a type, he fell into one of those errors which are almost unavoidable where the artist sketches not from the animal in life, but from the reports of those who profess to have seen the animal. The "tame cat" who would accept a situation such as Mr. Montague Trimble holds in the household of a vulgar Tory member would be a mere boy, fresh from the university, with a squeaky voice, a pasty face, and manners something between those of a suburban hairdresser and a Neapolitan buffo. Nevertheless, Mr. Pinero showed a sense of artistic truth in assuming that the household of a member of Parliament would be the one in which a "tame cat" of some sort would be peculiarly needful. Other rich families which strive to enter Society have time to reconnoitre and feel their way step by step, so that at each successive stage in their upward journey they find themselves in surroundings which are sufficiently familiar, inasmuch as they have for some time contemplated them from the vantage-ground of proximity. In this way they have learnt as they went along, and have perfected their social education without extraneous tuition. But for a Member and his family it is quite different—especially if they are Tories, and if the great Unionist party has made up its mind that their adhesion to the cause is worthy of being honoured by social attentions. Such a family is plunged in *medias res*, rudderless and without a compass. To it a "tame cat" of some sort is as necessary as a crib to the student of compulsory Greek. There is no time to pick and choose, and they accept the first who thrusts himself upon them, often without requiring a character from his last employer. Since the nature of his service demands that he should be with them at all hours, he must needs possess the tireless energy which belongs to youth alone. Besides, the self-respect of the family, not to mention that of the servants, requires in the tame cat a certain kittenishness of disposition to serve as an excuse to them for overlooking the many intrusions and impertinences which are a necessary feature of the avocation. The tame cat must be early with the family, for it is in the morning that the M.P.'s wife issues and accepts invitations, and it is in the form adopted in issuing and accepting invitations that, unguided by the tame cat, she is most liable to commit social suicide. Since the tame cat is only a frivolous, irresponsible boy, the footmen remain passive in face of the indignity and impropriety of his rushing

past them without inquiring whether the family is at home, and bursting in on the ladies in the privacy of their morning-room, for such is his playful habit. No sooner has he deposited his hat than he at once seizes upon the family correspondence, running over it rapidly with such exclamations as "Oh, that dreadful person. You won't accept *her* invitation. What impertinence. Well, I declare. *They* think you're going to them—and you are? Oh, no! That would be too painful. No, don't tell me that. Lady Alexander would never have you again at her house if you did. Oh, this dear lady. She wants you to come to her box. How sweet of her. She's an education. Not going?—heard something?—oh, too shocking. But it was eighteen months ago, and everyone understands. Lady Emily was quite indignant the other day about such things being said. She told me on Saturday at the Magnetic Lady's that it was nothing to what she herself was accused of in the forties"—and so on, till all the notes and cards of callers have been run through. As soon as Mrs. M.P. retires to her writing table, the tame cat submits himself to a cross-examination by the daughters of the house on the interesting question of "Who's who?" So far as the women about whom they ask are concerned, his information is extensive and satisfactory. But if they are of a reflective turn the girls will not fail to note that he hardly ever seems to know one man from another, and can tell nothing about them. The catechism is necessarily intermittent, for at every instant he is jumping from his seat to rush across the room and look over Mrs. M.P.'s shoulder at what she is writing, and each such raid is invariably followed by a little tiff beginning with an exclamation of "Dear lady! *ça ne se fait pas*." Sometimes it is that the lady's spelling is defective; at other times, that she has addressed the wife of Sir Peter Jones as Lady Peter Jones, or the wife of Lord John Barker simply as Lady Barker instead of Lady John Barker. Again, he will appeal to the daughters as to whether mamma's handwriting is not worse than ever this morning, and peremptorily bid them wield the pen in her stead. In one case he has been actually known to purchase (at the expense of the M.P.) an elaborate type-writer, and force the lady to learn its use notwithstanding her advancing years and declining health. When she saw it she only remarked that she thought she had done with the sewing-machine when her good man was made overlooker of a shaft. As the luncheon hour approaches, he mentions, in a half-deprecating, half-impudent manner, that he has invited a few of his men friends to lunch—such "sweet persons," as he describes them. And the family submits dumbly, as to all else that he inflicts upon them. Luncheon over, he is understood to be *de trop*, and whether he returns for dinner greatly depends on whether there is a place for him at table. But as the hour for the ball toilette arrives, he is safe to be again in evidence—loitering about the up-stairs passages, and, as the last touches are being given, standing at the open doors of the dressing-rooms, whence he criticises the coiffure of the ladies and the set of their dresses, greatly to the annoyance and (if she be Sunday-school-bred) to the scandal of the ladies' maid, who, however, obeys him as does the rest of the household—at least, in the early days of his tyranny. Perhaps the off-season in London is the happiest period for the tame cat. He is then almost always sure of a place at dinner, and a free stall afterwards at the theatre, which he loves, and of which he is one of the most useful supporters—not, indeed, that he ever contributes any of his own money to the stage, but he is the *causa causans* of contributions from others. When we consider that such men as these are, after all, the recruiting sergeants who fill the ranks of the *auditorium*, it discourages those who attempt the elevation of the theatre. The tame cat is not eternal in any household. Sometimes, it is what is called a "manly man" who orders the family

to expel him. Sometimes, it is that he borrows a five-pound note from the M.P., and is given a hint that he need not reappear until he is prepared to repay. Occasionally, the servants—who hate him even more than their betters, and hate him from the first—accuse him of pocketing the table silver. But, anyhow, sooner or later the house knows him not, and either provides itself with a better, or remains unprovided; which, for all but the rawest of beginners, is the wiser course.

But, besides the typical tame cat of a London *parvenu* household, there are many other species, some of which include men of genius, character, and worth. Indeed, as regards country houses, every man who does not care to slaughter foxes or pheasants is exposed to the ignominy of being classed as a tame cat, no matter how exalted or talented he may be. Swift was a tame cat to Stella, Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, the Iron Duke to Mrs. Arbuthnot, and Thomas Carlyle to Harriet Lady Ashburton. Browning was a tame cat in more than one London flat. We abstain from citing any living example. We have known a tame cat who claimed a mission from the Unseen, and could produce fairly good evidence, although not perhaps the best proofs, of having himself worked miracles and held communion with the mighty dead. It is a pity that the poverty of our language is such as to deny us some distinctive name for tame cats of the higher kind. There is nothing dishonourable in their tameness, and it is utterly wrong to confound them in our speech with the creature, part man, part woman, part mountebank, wholly knave, whom we have described in the earlier part of this article.

WORKING DRESS.

ARE the English as a nation distinguished by an inability to dress suitably for occupations which involve a certain amount of wear and tear to clothing? Our contemporary the *Daily Graphic* has recently employed both pen and pencil to show that the accusation is at any rate true of one sex, and that the sex which is supposed to be mistress of the art of dress. Leaving this particular line of discussion in the hands into which it has fallen, we may consider whether the question has not a wider bearing, and whether the English democracy as a whole, men and women alike, has not a rooted dislike to a distinctive garb of any kind whatever. We must except the clerical profession, however, since, far from displaying a laxity or indifference upon the subject, it has created questions of dress into a consideration of the first rank. The fact affords, perhaps, but one sign the more of the antagonism between the lay and clerical mind. Among the populace at large the reaction against times when distinctions of dress between one rank or profession and another were compulsory does not seem to have yet passed away. The workman's desire is to wear clothes that are undistinguishable from those of his employer, regardless of the fact that the carpenter's white cap and apron, the butcher's smock, the rough clothes and bright neckerchief of the navvy, or even the soot-begrimed overalls of the engine-driver, are far more becoming than the conventional attire of a city clerk or a merchant. The maid's supreme desire is to dress exactly like her mistress, and it must be admitted that her efforts are often crowned with success. In the occasional *contre-temps* arising therefrom she rejoices greatly. As for the confusion that results from the similarity—nay, identity—between a gentleman's evening dress and that of a waiter, it is already a worn-out subject for jokes. We have become resigned to the dilemma, and have almost grown to think that it is in some way inherent in the British Constitution. In which conclusion we are, perhaps, not so very far wrong.

Resentment of class distinctions no doubt counts

for much in the matter. The æsthetic aspect of the question, on the other hand, affects the working man not at all. He declines to remain picturesque for the satisfaction of other people's quicker artistic perceptions. The washerwoman, on her part, probably regards the flaunting ostrich feathers with which she decorates her shabby hat as the crowning glory of a noble attire. With their aid and a second-hand velveteen dress she can be "as good a lady as any of them," and what could she desire more? For her this is the ideal of life. In America, as might be expected, we see the problem more fully worked out, resulting in a fusion of the dress of all classes. But in England the distaste for distinctive forms of dress is not confined to the working classes. The undergraduate rebels against the imposition of the compulsory cap and gown, and frees himself of its encumbering presence at every possible opportunity. It is only outsiders who rejoice that he cannot get rid of it entirely, and that the old buildings of Oxford and Cambridge are still kept in countenance by the mediæval figures that walk the streets. Soldiers do not cling to their uniform with the affection that might be expected, seeing that it never fails to secure for them the admiration of the other sex. In short, the soul of the Briton resents any dictation as to his dress, and though if left to himself he will follow the fashion of the majority with the most slavish conformity, yet he rises in rebellion at the slightest hint of compulsion. Further, there appears to lurk in his mind a dim suspicion that there is something "not respectable" about a working dress. It is part of the snobbery which in certain departments of life we have cultivated so successfully. We love to disguise the vulgar realities of life, to pretend that they are not there, and we engage in an elaborate system of subterfuges to conceal all that does not fit in with our ideal of respectability. The grocer takes off his apron when he leaves the counter, and his wife thinks it needful to apologise if a chance visitor catches her with gown and sleeves tucked up, fresh from the washtub. Our neighbours across the Channel are far less afflicted with the weakness which their truer sense of propriety has christened *mauvaise honte*, and a Frenchman is always ready to don the national blouse when economy requires him to save his ordinary clothes. Thanks to the blue blouses of the men and the white caps of the women, the French remain upon the whole a nation pleasant to look upon. Remove these aids to good looks and a very different verdict would be the result.

It is certain that the growth of the democratic spirit in European countries will never again tolerate the employment of dress as a badge of rank or social station; such notions have vanished with "the ghetto's plague, the garb's disgrace." But there is no reason why the dress of both men and women should not be more closely adapted to the work that they have to do. Lady reformers are never tired of asserting that the habitual dress of women is exceedingly ill-suited for an active and healthy life, and that for many kinds of occupations followed by women it is inconvenient or even dangerous. It is a misfortune that social prejudice prevents any open trial of the various improvements suggested, as we should otherwise be able to find out what is really wanted. It may be that to enable the more active kinds of work or pleasure to be carried on in comfort the ordinary dress of womenkind ought to be considerably modified, and if so there is no reason common sense can show why the necessary change should not be effected. Men have always modified their dress to some extent according to their employment, and they seldom attempt to make one fashion serve alike for work and for play. The cyclist, the cricketer, and the football player have their different costumes just as much as the navvy or the sailor. The uniform of the railway porter or the policeman serves a different but an equally useful purpose, and a similar aim may be traced in the use

of distinctive school-caps for boys. Considerable protection may also be derived from a recognised dress, an advantage which certain organisations of women have not been slow to perceive. Sisters of Charity found long ago that their habit enabled them to pass safely through the criminal quarters of a town, and the dark bonnet and cloak of the hospital nurse seldom fail to secure her a respectful reception. Taking all things into consideration, it would seem that dress has hardly even yet been fully trained to the service of man. The evolution has failed to keep pace with his requirements, and the weight of custom has proved a serious drag upon rational progress.

OFFENBACH IN OCEANIA.

IN one of his earlier papers on the South Seas, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson tells us that the Samoan will coin a fresh song and utter it over every trifling incident: that even a band of little stripling maids, from eight to twelve years old, will sit and keep up their minstrelsy for hours upon a stretch, one song following another without a pause. And from the letter of Mr. Stevenson's, which appeared in Wednesday's *Times*, it seems that, thanks to the white residents, the dusky islanders are not likely to run short of themes to chant between the waterfalls and the lazy Pacific swell. Among the Marquesans poetry and music are dying out; but at Samoa they have Baron Senfft von Pilsach, President of the Municipal Council, king's adviser, petty tyrant and leading baritone, so to speak; and on his domain Mr. Stevenson, who is able not only to write the libretto of a comic opera which shall suit Baron Senfft von Pilsach to a hair, but also to sustain the tenor part. Two choruses are ready to hand, the one of agitated white men, the other of mild-eyed Samoans. And so the play begins.

The scene is laid at Upolu, on a glittering coral beach, backed by drooping palms and tumbling cascades. And for a moment, as the curtain rises, we are reminded of *Measure for Measure*. Mr. Cedererantz, Chief Justice of Samoa, is about to start on a visit to Fiji. His boat is by the shore and his barque is on the sea, but before the Chief Justice starts he must confide the well-being of the island to Baron Senfft von Pilsach, who has accompanied him to the beach.

"You will be a father to them?" says the Chief Justice, waving his hand towards the chorus. "Farewell, and treat them kindly."

"I swear it. And the prisoners from Manono—shall I treat them kindly, too?"

"The five chiefs?"

"Ay, the five. But, hist! they come."

Enter the five chiefs from Manono. They have been tried for insubordination and have received sentence of six months' confinement "under gentlemanly conditions." Around them and the guards who are escorting them to prison troops a crowd of their country folk. Quintet on the miseries of a dungeon-cell; with agitated refrain by the sympathisers who offer immediate rescue. The Chief Justice watches with one foot on the boat's gunwale and a tear in his eye.

"My pretty, playful lambs!" he murmurs. As the chiefs are marched across the stage he springs into the stern-sheets and is rowed off, waving his handkerchief repeatedly. The Samoans reply with palm-leaves. Only the Baron stands with his hands behind his back and a frown upon his brow. The curtain falls.

Act ii. Scene, the same. Time, next morning. Chorus of white residents discovered eagerly debating the news: they break off to welcome the Wandering Minstrel and leading tenor (Mr. R. L. Stevenson), who skips in with a garland on his head. "Why, how now, gossips?"—"Is it possible you have not heard?"—"Not a word."—"Well, then, they say that the Baron Senfft von Pilsach, on

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pretence that the people of Manono intend to rescue their chiefs, has devised a terrible plot. Last night a load of dynamite reached the prison and was stored at once in a mine beneath the dungeons, an electrical battery has been hired and a mechanic to work it: and on the first hint of rescue, prison and prisoners will be blown into air!"—"Impossible! In the name of our common humanity——". "But who will assure us? We marked the Baron's brow yestreen and it was black as night. Who will set our fears at rest?"—"I will!" Amid the blessings of the chorus the leading tenor draws a sheet of paper from his breast. "See, I meant to write the last chapter of 'The Wrecker' upon it, but in the name of humanity I will blow this small expense. Thus—I draw up a memorial to the Baron and will present it with my own hand. But you must all sign." Grand Chorus, "The Blessing of the Pens," adapted from *Les Huguenots*. They all sign.

Thus, or almost thus, the opera might open: and, though we will not elaborate it further, there are plenty of materials. On Sunday the island was filled with these disquieting rumours; it was the day of dynamite. "Tuesday dawned the day of deportation. A cutter was hurriedly prepared for sea, and the prisoner was hurried off to exile in the Tokelau, or Union Islands, below the north-eastern horizon." A Government of this agility, as Mr. Stevenson remarks, "escapes criticism"; nevertheless, he and his fellow-signatories addressed the Baron, and suggested that the rumours which had shaken Samoa were so grave that a prompt assurance of their falsehood should be given without delay. To this letter the Baron replied with a "voluble silence"—that is to say, he wrote a good deal, but none of it had any bearing on the point. His epistle concluded thus: "If, in consequence, according to the apprehensions laid down in the address, these unexplained rumours will 'damage the white races in the native mind,' I think the signing parties will then remember that there are public authorities in Samoa officially and especially charged with the protection of the white residents. If they present to them their complaints and their wishes I have no doubt that by so doing they will get all the information they require." From this two things are evident: (1) that Mr. Stevenson is not the only man in Samoa who possesses an English style; and (2), that the Baron being asked for information offers protection as a substitute.

The signatories pointed out that information and protection are two different things, and that they had asked for the former. But meanwhile the Baron had "surprised Apia with a fresh gambado." An unfavourable criticism of certain actions of his appeared in a local paper. Four days after he stood up in the Municipal Council and informed them that his authority had been considerably lessened by the publication, and that he had in consequence applied for a month's leave of absence. With this he bounced through a door and enjoyed his leave of absence in his own apartments, a few yards away, leaving the Councillors and the Municipality to do what they pleased, and drift as they could. Fresh rumours flew about. It was said that he had declared his life in danger and applied to his consul for protection! Then, in his retirement, this amazing Baron discovered a new grievance. A white man had written to the King and the King had answered the letter! It was outrageous—a crime against the Berlin Treaty! He would resign! So he offered to resign his position on the municipal board and to retain his position as King's adviser. He was informed that he must resign both, or neither. He resigned both; squabbled with the consuls over details; and then sought to withdraw his resignations. "Such an official," Mr. Stevenson concludes, "I never remember to have read of, though I have seen the like, from across the footlights and the orchestra, evolving in similar figures to the strains of Offenbach."

And yet, on reading the correspondence, we have

our doubts if the man of letters has got the better of it. He fences with a pretty wit, but the Baron with his gorgeous misconceptions and misreadings is simply inexpugnable. What can you do with an adversary who writes as follows?—

"I have called this statement a seriously speaking to me in the name of the white residents, and I have objected to the truth of that statement. If, after a candid re-examination of the matter from your part you may refute me in either or both points I shall be glad, indeed, in recalling my answer. At present I beg to say that I see no reason for your supposing I misunderstand your expression of damaging the white races in the native mind, unless you have no other notion of protection than that applying to the body."

When a man can write like this, no matter on what subject, he is proof against all but shoe-leather. But if Samoa is to be seriously governed, it really seems time that the Baron Senfft von Pilsach were sent to "star" in another land. For the game which is cheap enough to him may prove too dear for the residents who have sunk capital in that island. He has nothing to fear but dismissal: "he is here," says Mr. Stevenson, "in what he stands in; he can swarm to-morrow on board a warship and be off." But the residents have staked their lives and their money on the tranquillity of Samoa, and this country has some reason to see that this tranquillity is undisturbed by low comedians.

M. BRUNETIÈRE.

THE dogmatic, or judicial, school of criticism, of which M. Ferdinand Brunetière is, perhaps, the most illustrious living representative, is in the way of becoming what Matthew Arnold, in a memorable preface, said Oxford had become—the "home of lost causes and forgotten beliefs." Its method is discredited, its authority suspect. It has been supplanted by Renanism, the no-creed whose first article is "Judge not"; by Pyrrhonism, which doubts everything except the truth of a contradiction in terms; by dilettantism, which plays round and round a subject and finds the statement that "black is white," as a late Savilian professor found the properties of an isosceles triangle, "elegant and distinguished." But the old method still has its little band of faithful followers. (Otherwise, what would become of some English quarterly reviews?) And there come to all of us moods when we are tempted to join that sparse congregation: when we are minded to throw over our favourite Pilates and Gallios for any man who has clearly made up his mind, speaks with no uncertain voice, and puts his foot down—though he stamp on our corns in the process. Such a man is M. Brunetière. He, at any rate, knows what he means, speaks as one having authority and not as the *ondoyant* scribes—is, in short, refreshingly positive. If this were mere cocksureness, the supreme confidence of absolute ignorance, M. Brunetière would be a negligible quantity: he would be in Benedick's case; nobody would mark him. But that is not his case. His erudition is profound: he knows more than his numerous adversaries, if he does not always think more rightly. He is, then, in the true sense of the word, a considerable man.

And never is he so considerable as when he is dealing with a subject which, now that M. Taine has dropped it, he has almost made his own—the evolution of literary ideas. If there be a more solid (not to say rocky) bit of work in this field than his "Études Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française," we do not know it. The fourth volume of this series (Paris: Hachette) is as firmly put together as the rest: like Mr. Wopsle's Hamlet, it is massive and concrete. It is all compact of facts, figures, pitiless logic, hard-and-fast judgments. Between the lines of every page we seem to read the Johnsonian "Sir, we know that it is so, and there's an end on't." To read the book is not exactly a pleasure—M. Brunetière does not condescend to please—but the task braces one like a tonic. One ends, willy-nilly, with

an immense respect for its author. He is a strong man.

Take him, for instance, on the subject, the eternal subject, of Molière. A new exegesis of Molière—unless it be some tissue of wilful paradoxes—is, of course, at this time of day out of the question. And so one finds nothing very novel in M. Brunetière's main thesis that the moral of Molière's Theatre is that we should submit ourselves, and, if possible, conform ourselves, to nature. But there is something new and striking in the thoroughness, the scientific precision, with which M. Brunetière establishes this position. What previous commentators had put forward merely as a deduction of their own, as something of which Molière himself was unconscious, as a vague result of the hap-hazard selection of isolated passages, M. Brunetière advances as a deliberate system, an organic whole, a definite "philosophy." For Molière, he essays to convince us, was a philosopher in his way, a thinker, who knew the full scope and import of his own ideas. The current critical view of him as an "entertainer," a "buffoon of genius," we are asked contemptuously to dismiss. "There is something else and more in him than a classic Labiche." That something is a philosophy: the philosophy of conformity to nature.

Like the methodic man that he is, M. Brunetière begins at the beginning. He traces the philosophy in question to the *Physis* of Pantagruel, of which book, in Rabelais's own terms, it constitutes "l'horrible mystère," the "doctrine absconse," the "substantifique moelle." He shows it recurring in the *Essays* of Montaigne. In Molière you find it as much by the test of the plays he did not write as of those he did. Note, for example, that his satire is never directed against libertinism, or debauch; never against ambition. For these are natural vices, they work in the direction of instinct. His victims are chosen among *précieuses* and absurd marquises, amorous old maids and grey-beards, burgesses trying to become fine gentlemen and matrons playing at philosophy, sacristans or *grand seigneurs* who cover

De l'intérêt du ciel leur fier ressentiment;

the Don Juans and the Tartufes, the Philamintes and the Jourdain, the Arnolphes and the Arsinoës, the Acastes and the Madelons, the Diafoiruses and the Purgons. All these, observe, are people who want to "dress up" nature, who flatter themselves that they are stronger or more skilful than nature.

In saying that this view presents no novelty, we spoke too hastily. It leads to a new theory of *Tartufe*. The world has hitherto accepted Molière's own contention that this play was a satire on hypocrisy, directed solely against the "faux-monnayeurs en dévotion." Molière, remember, had every reason for making this excuse; had he not made it he would infallibly have found his theatre closed, his troop dispersed, and himself in the Bastille. But are we, asks M. Brunetière, to be duped by it? To be sure, the eponymous hero of the piece is a hypocrite; but what of the other characters? And, in particular, of Orgon, the part which Molière chose to play himself? The piece turns upon Orgon quite as much as upon Tartufe; he is on the stage from first to last, while Tartufe does not appear until the third act; and it is from him, quite as much as from Tartufe, that we have to ask "le secret de Molière." Now, Orgon is no fool, as Dorine takes care to warn us. He was a good husband, a good father, a good master, a good citizen. What is it that has spoiled him? Hypocrisy? No: religion. It was not, then, some obscure hypocrite, an Abbé Roquette or a Sieur de Sainte-Croix—as all the commentators have averred—whom Molière attacked; he aimed at higher game, at the Arnaulds, the Nicoles, Pascal himself. It was the Jansenists—in other words, the operative religious force of his day—that Molière detested; because the essential principle of that religion was anti-natural,

the restraint, the subjugation of the natural man. The vigour, the wealth of illustration, the close reasoning with which M. Brunetière makes good this point, show the judicial *a priori* method at its best.

In the essay on Voltaire one finds it, perhaps, at its worst. M. Brunetière is no Voltairean; he has (though we are left to discover this for ourselves) an instinctive repugnance for the great man's facile generalisations, superficial erudition, and shallow philosophy. Voltaire, he maintains, was not the leader of the eighteenth century army, but only its trumpeter. "Je sais bien que l'action de toute une armée s'attribue au chef qui la commande; mais encore—et quoiqu'ils marchent tous deux en tête de leur troupe—ne faut-il pas confondre le trompette avec le général." Who, then, was the general? M. Brunetière omits to tell us. And in one point, the question of English influence on Voltaire, he makes a curiously ineffective effort to upset received opinions. There is a general consensus of testimony to the effect that Voltaire's sojourn in England (which, by the way, lasted for two years and eight months, not for upwards of three years, as M. Brunetière says—a strange blunder in a writer who prides himself on exactness) made him the Voltaire that we know. "Voltaire left France a poet, he returned to it a sage," says Mr. John Morley. What wrought the change? The influence of Locke and Newton, and of the English Deists, is the answer from Condorcet, from every modern biographer of Voltaire; best of all, from Voltaire himself. But M. Brunetière will not admit this. He maintains that Voltaire was a Deist and a "sage" before he had set foot in England, or had so much as heard of Collins, or Toland, or Woolston, or Bolingbroke. And why? Because, if you please, he had written one short Deistical poem—"Le Pour et Le Contre"—in 1722, i.e., some four years before he landed at Greenwich. This date of the composition of the poem in question (it was not published till a dozen years afterwards) is no new discovery, as M. Brunetière seems to think. It is at least as old as Mr. Morley's "Voltaire." But if it were new—what then? It is conceivable that the "poet" might have developed into the "sage" without visiting England. He might or he might not. As a matter of fact, he did not.

CURIOSITY IN ART.

HOWEVER hurried and disjointed my article may have been last week, I think I showed conclusively that as soon as the subject became a source of interest art declined, while as soon as it became a principal interest, art fell altogether. Greuze, I pointed out, was the first to conceive a picture after the fashion of a scene in a play, and since his time painting has become more and more dependent upon literature—all history, all mythology, the works of poets, novelists, and dramatic writers, have been laid under contribution—literature has been exhausted, as reference to any catalogue will testify. For more than a hundred years painting has been in service. She has acted as a sort of handmaiden to literature, her mission being to make clear to the casual and the unlettered what the lettered had already understood and enjoyed in a more subtle and more erudite form. Last week, I said what I was minded to say on this subject, though in a fragmentary and somewhat rambling fashion; and if I remember right I pointed out, too, that the great evil, the interest the subject has acquired in art, brings in its wake a number of derivative evils—exactness of costume, truth of effect, truth historical and pictorial, and then local colour. Local colour is a sort of *cul de sac*, and once there art can go no further, but is over and done. But to pass from the abstract to the concrete, and, so far as regards subject, to make my meaning quite clear to every one, I cannot do better

than to ask my readers to recall Mr. Luke Fildes' picture of "The Doctor." No better example could be selected of a picture in which the subject is the supreme interest. True that Mr. Fildes has not taken his subject from novel or poem; in this picture he may have been said to have been his own librettist, and perhaps for that very reason the subject is the one preponderating interest in the picture. He who doubts if this be so has only to ask himself if any critic thought of pointing to any special passage of colour in this picture, of calling attention to the quality of the modelling or the ability of the drawing. No, what attracted attention was the story. Would the child live or die? Did that dear, good doctor entertain any hopes of the poor little thing's recovery? And the poor parents, how grieved they seemed! Perhaps it is their only child. The picture is typical of contemporary art, which is nearly all conceived in the same spirit and can therefore have no enduring value. And if by chance the English artist does occasionally escape from the vice of subject for subject's sake, he almost invariably slips into what I have called the derivative vices—exactness of costume, &c. To explain myself on this point, I will ask the reader to recall any one of Mr. Alma Tadema's pictures; it matters not a jot which is chosen. That one, for instance, where, in a circular recess of white marble, Sappho reads to a Greek poet, or is it the young man who is reading to Sappho and her maidens? It matters not; the interest of the picture is purely archæological. According to the very latest researches, the ornaments which Greek women wore in their hair were of such a shape, and Mr. Tadema has reproduced the shape in his picture entitled —. Further researches are made, and it is discovered that identical ornaments were not worn until a hundred years later. The picture is therefore deprived of some of its interest, and the researches of the next fifty years may make it appear as old-fashioned in the eyes of the next generation as the Greek pictures of the last two generations appear in our eyes to-day. But we, until science proves the picture to be a mistake from beginning to end, may say that to us it is as interesting as a page of Smith's Classical Dictionary. We look at it, and we say: "How curious! how very curious! And that was how the Greeks washed and dressed themselves!"

In the nineteenth century the minds of painters seem to be filled with every desire except the desire to paint well. When Mr. Holman Hunt conceived the idea of a picture of Christ earning His livelihood by the sweat of His brow, it seemed to him to be quite necessary to go to Jerusalem. There he copied a carpenter's shop from nature, and he filled it with Arab tools and implements, feeling sure that, the manners and customs having changed but little in the East, it was to be surmised that such tools and implements must be nearly identical with those used eighteen centuries ago. To dress the Virgin in sumptuous flowing robes, as Raphael did, was clearly incorrect; the Virgin was a poor woman and could not have worn more than a single garment, and the garment she wore probably resembled the dress of the Arab women of the present day, and so on and so on. Through the window we see the very landscape that Christ looked upon: there is the hill, and there the river, and there the something else. From the point of view of the art critic of the *Daily Telegraph* nothing could be better; the various sites and prospects are explained and commented upon, and the heart of middle-class England beats in sympathetic response. But the real picture-lover sees nothing save two geometrically drawn figures placed in the canvas like diagrams in a book of Euclid. And the picture being barren of artistic interest, his attention is caught by the Virgin's costume, and the catalogue informs him that Mr. Hunt's model was an Arab woman in Jerusalem whose dress in all probability resembled the dress the Virgin wore two thousand years ago. The carpenter's shop he is assured is most probably an exact counterpart of the carpenter's shop in

which Christ worked. How very curious! how very curious!

In art especially, curiosity has always been a corruptive influence, and the art of our century is literally putrid with curiosity. Perhaps the desire of home was never so fixed and so real in any race as some would have us believe. At all times there have been men whose feet itched for travel; even in Holland, the country above all others which gave currency to the belief in the stay-at-home instinct, there were always adventurous spirits who yearned for strange skies and lands. It was this desire of travel that destroyed the art of Holland in the seventeenth century. I can hardly imagine an article that would be more instructive and valuable than one dealing precisely with those Dutchmen who went to Italy in quest of romance, poetry, and general artistic culture, for travel has often had an injurious effect on art. I do not say foreign travel, I say any travel. The length of the journey counts for nothing, once the painter's inspiration springs from the novelty of the colour, or the character of the landscape or the interest that a strange costume suggests. There are painters who have never been further than Maidenhead and who bring back what I should call *notes de voyage*; there are others who have travelled round the world and have produced general aspects bearing neither stamp nor certificate of mileage, in other words, pictures. There are, therefore, two men who must not be confused one with the other, the traveller that paints and the painter that travels.

Every day we hear of a painter who has been to Norway, or to Brittany, or to Wales, or to Algeria, and has come back with sixty-five sketches, which are now on view, let us say, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, in New Bond Street, the home of all such exhibitions. The painter has been impressed by the savagery of firds, by the prettiness of blouses and sabots, by the blue mountain in the distance and the purple mountain in the foreground, by the narrow shade of the street, and the solemnity of a *burnous* or the grace of a *haik* floating in the wind. The painter brings back these sights and scenes as a child brings back shells from the shore—they seemed very strange and curious, and, therefore, like the child, he brought back, not the things themselves, but the next best things, the most faithful sketches he could make of them. To understand how impossible it is to paint pictures in a foreign country, we have only to imagine a young English painter setting up his easel in, let us say, Algeria. There he finds himself confronted with a new world; everything is different: the costumes are strange, the rhythm of the lines is different, the effects are harsh and unknown to him; at home the earth is dark and the sky is light, in Algeria the everlasting blue must be darker than the white earth, and the key of colour widely different from anything he has seen before. Selection is impossible, he cannot distinguish between the important and the unimportant; everything strikes him with equal vividness. To change anything of this country, so clear, so precise, so characteristic, is to soften; to alleviate what is too rude, is to weaken; to generalise, is to disfigure. So the artist is obliged to take Algiers in the lump; in spite of himself he will find himself forced into a scrupulous exactitude, nothing must be passed over, and so his pictures are at best only the truth, photographic truth and the naturalness of a fac-simile.

The sixty-five drawings which the painter will bring back and will exhibit at Messrs. Dowdeswell's will be documentary evidence of the existence of Algeria—of all that makes a country itself, of exactly the things by which those who have been there know it, of the things which will make it known to those who have not been there, the exact type of the inhabitants, their costume, their attitudes, their ways, and manner of living. Once the painter accepts truth for aim and end it becomes impossible to set a limit upon his investigations. We shall learn

how this people dress, ride, and hunt; we shall learn what arms they use—the painter will describe them as well as a pencil may describe—the harness of the horses, these he must know and understand; for from the fact of dealing with so much novelty it becomes obligatory for the travelling painter to become explanatory and categorical. And as the attraction of the unknown corresponds in most people to the immoral instinct of curiosity, the painter will find himself forced to attempt to do with paint and canvas what he could do much better in a written account. His public will demand pictures composed after the manner of an inventory, and the taste for ethnography will end by being confused with the sentiment of beauty.

Among this collection of documents which causes the Gallery to fill with foolish and vapid chatter there are two small pictures. Everyone has passed by them, but now an artist is examining them, and they are evidently the only two things in the exhibition of any interest for him. One is entitled "Sunset on the Nile," an impression of the melancholy of evening; the other is entitled "Pilgrims," a band of travellers passing up a sandy tract, all glaring and empty, an impression of hot desert solitudes.

And now I will conclude with an anecdote which epitomises and illustrates my argument. Two painters were painting on the banks of the Seine. Suddenly a shepherd passed driving before him a long flock of sheep, silhouetting with supple movement upon the water whitening under a grey sky at the end of April. The shepherd had his scrip on his back, he wore the great felt hat and the gaiters of the herdsman, two black dogs, picturesque in form, trotted at his heels, for the flock was going in excellent order. "Do you know," cried one painter to the other, "that nothing is more interesting to paint than a shepherd on the banks of a river?"

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"THE CRUSADERS" AND "THE AMERICAN" REVISITED.

ONE was in honour bound to see *The Crusaders* a second time. I concur in the general opinion that the piece failed to get a fair hearing on the first night. The intellectual atmosphere of the play—for it has an intellectual atmosphere; otherwise I should not have cared to rediscuss it now—was a little too rarefied for many of the audience. It is, in a small way, a piece of sociology, and so demands a mental effort from the average playgoer. Now I mention the average playgoer with fear and trembling, for in many influential quarters he is regarded as sacrosanct; one no more dares speak disrespectfully of him than of the Equator. And yet we know that the average playgoer is only the man out of the street, who, when we encounter him in the street, appears to all of us at times a mere human being and eke a foolish. But once past the portals of the playhouse, he becomes translated, quite unlike Bottom, for he loses his ass's head; he is no longer Brown who drops his h's, or Jones who acquires all his erudition from *Tits-Bits*, or Robinson who has been ploughed three times for Smalls; he is the representative of the "great public," the drama's patron who gives the drama's laws. Therefore, I desire to speak of this august being with bated breath and whispering humbleness, and when I say that he was irritated at being asked to make a mental effort on the first night of *The Crusaders*, you will please understand me to believe that he was quite capable of making an effort had he, in the plenitude of his wisdom, so chosen. But the fact remains that he did not choose. He seemed to me especially annoyed by the burlesque Schopenhauerisms and Spencerisms of Mr. Jones's Pessimist Philosopher, Burge Jawle. I hasten to add that this was not from any ignorance of the

subject burlesqued. Of course, the average playgoer has read all through "Die Welt als Wille and Vorstellung," and knows his Herbert Spencer by heart. But the fact remains that he was annoyed by Jawle. And when the average playgoer is annoyed, he becomes a very angry god indeed. Thenceforward he turns a deaf ear to the dramatist's best things; he interrupts the piece with jeers and cat-calls; in the technical phrase he "guys" it. The first-night audience ended by guying *The Crusaders*.

This statement, I know, has been contradicted. One critic asserts that he can feel the pulse of an audience, knows by a sort of instinctive sympathy just what they are thinking and feeling, and he gives us his personal assurance that the audience came to the Avenue with every disposition to be pleased, received the piece with courteous forbearance, and betrayed no anger till its anger was justly aroused. I would ask him if there is not some little risk of self-deception in this matter? If the faculty of seeing and believing what we wish to see and believe—a phenomenon explained in the elementary manuals of physiology—is not too strong in all of us for any accurate diagnosis of the sensation of other people? Are not we, rather, inscrutable mysteries each to the other, and when we think we are feeling another's pulse we are not, rather, timing our own? The critic's disposition to identify himself with the crowd is entirely praiseworthy, no doubt. It shows a fine sense of solidarity, of human kinship. His habitual use of the journalistic "we" helps to foster the illusion that this thought-reading is an easy trick. I content myself with the statement that, for my part, I find it impossible.

And now what new thing can I find to say of *The Crusaders*? I have already attempted to discuss this play from three distinct points of view: as a Sarceyite, with the master's classic plaint "Il n'y a pas de pièce;" as a Lemaitrist, wondering why the serious drama was not eliminated and the comedy of the London Reformation League developed; as an Ibsenite, pointing out—I forget precisely what. What shall I say now? "Le contraire? Mais je ne le pense pas encore." This much is certain, that the piece gains immensely on a second hearing. The pure comedy of the first act is, I think, on a higher plane than anything Mr. Jones has hitherto done. The various types of social reformer, frivolous, self-seeking, and serious, are new to the stage, yet not untrue to life; we could easily put our fingers on the originals; we know Mr. Palsam, we know Mr. Jawle, or someone very like him; we know the lady with the double-barrelled name, we should like to know Philos Ingarfield. They are adroitly introduced, put rapidly through their paces, and their talk is natural, but never dull. I am sure that when the play is printed we shall all be able to read this first act with pleasure. But when the serious drama emerges I find my old objection to it subsisting. It fails to grip me. In the adventure of Cynthia and Philos I look for "one of those passionate *crucés* of life" wherein love and duty "come nobly to the grapple," and I do not find it. The *crux* is there, but I miss the grapple, the struggle. Philos's sacrifice of his own good name to save Cynthia's is too unhesitating, too much a matter of course, too easily foreseen. And the situation of Philos between weak Cynthia and strong Una leaves me cold, because the character of each woman is not sufficiently developed. Cynthia's waywardness is insufficiently "prepared" and explained; Una is too monotonously angelic, too pure and good for human nature's daily food. Again, as before, I find no vital connection between the Cynthia-Philos love-story and the London Reform comedy. They are merely in juxtaposition; do not grow out of one another, as, I submit, they should. Here, I fancy, is the real weakness of Mr. Jones's piece. He has fallen between two stools. *The Crusaders*, had the social reform satire been developed, would have made

an excellent comedy. Or, had the character of the two heroines been developed, it would have made a poignant drama. As things stand, it is neither the one nor the other. Let me, however, end on a major chord of praise. The acting is admirable all round. Miss Maude Millett (*vice* Miss Winifred Emery, unfortunately invalidated) brings her unflinching freshness, charm, agreeable wilfulness to the part of Cynthia. Mr. Cecil, in his old Court part of the Cabinet Minister, surpasses himself. Mr. Kemble's Jawle and Mr. Weedon Grossmith's Palsam are the drollest of caricatures. Mr. Lewis Waller was born to play Philos Ingarfield. To sum up, *The Crusaders* is a vigorous, thoughtful, stimulating, unequal, irritating bit of work; full of faults, but faults that will do its author's reputation no harm and that ought not seriously to mar the enjoyment of any intelligent playgoer.

At the Opera Comique Mr. Henry James has not been above taking a hint from the critics. The third act of *The American* has been reconstructed, simplified, and greatly improved; the Bellegardes have been, so far as the story permitted, tamed and humanised; and there is less of the hypnotised "subject" or somnambulist in Miss Robins's Claire. But Mr. Edward Compton has not been persuaded to doff his atrocious garment of chocolate and sky-blue, and he still sprinkles his gag "That's what I want t'see" over the dialogue as lavishly as Dick Swiveller sprinkled his (pepper-pot) tears over the letter to his aunt. The new fore-piece, *Hook and Eye*, is harmless enough, but offers a poor compensation to playgoers who have forgone their after-dinner coffee in order to reach the theatre betimes.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

MUCH, no doubt, may be said—and some of it has been said in these columns—against the plan of treating ancient Greek chiefly as intellectual drill; but SIR GEORGE BOWEN'S renewed plea (in Wednesday's *Times*) for teaching Greek as a language calls for one or two remarks. One is that any traveller who possesses a pencil and paper can make any ancient Greek he knows of the utmost use if he will only write his conversations instead of speaking them. He must, of course, request his interlocutors to write their replies like print and not in cursive; otherwise he will have little difficulty. Another is that any classical scholar can easily speak intelligible ancient Greek in his own pronunciation if he will only try, and can pick up enough of the modern pronunciation in a fortnight to hear and speak the minimum necessary for purposes of travel. And if the student is to learn his modern Greek from Athenian newspapers—and that is the most obvious source—he will not be learning the spoken modern Greek at all, but a set of literal translations of French journalistic phrases into a language constructed for journalistic purposes on the basis of the Greek of DEMOSTHENES. But, were anything like the ordinary language of a Greek leading article to appear in a Greek exercise, the author of that exercise would deserve the soundest castigation that it is permitted to the modern school-master to administer.

It has recently been remarked that TENNYSON acknowledged the source of "The Golden Supper," but not the source of "Dora." Some have not been slow to imply from that a want of good faith on the Laureate's part. As a matter of fact, TENNYSON has never been in the habit of pointing out the sources of his poems. In the case of "The Golden Supper" a necessity arose. The poem was fragmentary; to state the events which preceded the action it narrated, a brief preface was required, in which it was hardly possible to avoid referring to

BOCCACCIO. When, in 1879, TENNYSON published the complete poem, "The Lover's Tale," of which "The Golden Supper" is the conclusion, he made no mention of BOCCACCIO. Why should it be necessary, every now and again, to explain that a poet dealing with life must derive his matter either from his own observation of himself, of others, or from the observation and experience of others as recorded in books? Of course, the sources are always commingled in varying proportions, but the greatest poets have dealt very largely in observation and experience already existing in literature. Quintessences are not obtained without many distillations.

THE subject of the inaugural lecture of a series of fifteen to be delivered by M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE at the Odéon on "The Epochs of the French Drama" was CORNEILLE'S *Cid*. He showed that the originality of the *Cid* consisted neither in the choice nor the nature of the subject, neither in the arrangement of the plot nor the style of the verse, nor yet the observation of any laws. CORNEILLE, in making French tragedy truly tragic, for the first time transferred the impulse and the action itself, and consequently the drama, to the souls of his characters. The greatness of this simple change M. BRUNETIÈRE illustrates from the plays of CORNEILLE'S predecessors, in which the tragedy is as external as the moving incidents of our sensational dramas.

INCIDENTALLY, M. BRUNETIÈRE contrasts very happily "Gil Blas" and *Le Mariage de Figaro*. Although the resemblances are numerous, the difference is profound, and consists in this: that no adventure, fortunate or unfortunate, happens to Gil Blas which he himself has any hand in bringing to pass; whereas, nothing occurs in Figaro's career which is not the result of his energy, his scheming, and his adroitness. That is why "Gil Blas" remains a *chef-d'œuvre* among novels of manners, and *Figaro* a *chef-d'œuvre* among comedies of action. This was never said before, and yet it was lying there ready to say. Many a gem the careful critic picks up, not only in the dark, unfathomed caves, but in the most brilliantly lit grottoes, of literature.

M. PAUL DESJARDINS, whose teaching has done much to spiritualise thought in France, has an immense admiration for BROWNING, whom he met. What first struck M. DESJARDINS in BROWNING'S appearance was his look of blooming health and moral equilibrium; his whole small person wore that conquering and adventurous air of the *bon enfant* which the men of pure Norman breed still have—inherited, doubtless, from ancestors who voyaged far. BROWNING, in M. DESJARDINS' opinion, alone in the poetry of our time, has given proof of the love of action, and has perfectly expressed it. Hence his greatness as a dramatist; for the gift of being most interested in action is the characteristic of the dramatist, and in that essential none surpasses him. In life BROWNING is a great inciter, an inspirer, and master of conduct. The race *par excellence* active and strong of will, the English race, is summed up in him. This may pass current among other brilliant generalisations.

IN sober black appears the first volume of "Preachers of the Age" (Low). The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY divides his "Living Theology" into two books; the first dealing apparently with the Christian in the Church; the second with the Christian in the World. The engraving of His Grace's comely face, from a photograph by BASSANO, is excellently done.

SEVEN years ago almost, MR. S. R. GARDINER promised the Warden and Fellows of All Souls'

College to complete his "History of the Great Civil War" within that time. In a few weeks the time will have elapsed, and the work is complete with the third and last volume, published this week. We beg to congratulate MR. GARDINER most heartily on the fulfilment of his promise, and on the accomplishment of a work of the first importance in English History.

MR. WILLIAM SMART'S "Introduction to the Theory of Value" (MACMILLAN) is a presentation of the ideas enunciated by Menger and Jevons, and worked out by Wieser and Böhm-Bawerk. MR. SMART'S able translations of Böhm-Bawerk's works are credentials of the best kind for his "Introduction." MR. SMART does not think that the last word on value has been said by the Austrian school; but that is no reason, as he says, why the principles of the new theory should remain any longer beyond the reach of the ordinary English student.

MR. WILLIAM WILSON'S long-promised translation of IBSEN'S "Brand" is published this week by MESSRS. METHUEN & CO.

A TRANSLATION of ERNEST LAVISSE'S "Youth of Frederick the Great" from the pen of MR. STEPHEN LOUIS SIMEON has been issued by MESSRS. BENTLEY & SON. The original of this interesting work was reviewed in our columns some weeks ago.

THE current issue of "The Golden Treasury Series," as befits the season, is MRS. CRAIK'S "Fairy-Book," one of the best collections of fairy tales. "Tennyson for the Young" is another children's book, issued by MESSRS. MACMILLAN, which ought to do. Although it is hoped that it may be found acceptable in the schoolroom, it is not intended as a school book, nor as an indirect instrument of studying grammar, the English language, or the lives of the poets. The selection is very varied, and quite admirable, as far as a rapid glance shows.

THE new number of MR. FISHER UNWIN'S "Adventure Series," a translation from the Greek by MRS. EDMONDS of the autobiography of KOLOKOTRONIS, the Klepht and Warrior, is likely to prove as interesting as any of its predecessors. The preface is written by M. J. GENNADIUS, the Greek Envoy to the Court of St. James's.

THREE attractive volumes of travel are the COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN'S "My Canadian Journal" (MURRAY), being extracts from her letters home while her husband was Governor-General; "A Month in a Dandi" (SIMPKINS), a woman's wanderings in Northern India; and "A Transatlantic Holiday" (LOW), by T. FITZPATRICK, notes of a visit to the Eastern States of America.

MR. WALTER CRANE'S "Queen Summer; or, the Tournay of the Lily and the Rose" (CASSELL), will, we think, turn out to be the finest work in this kind he has yet done. The perfection of line and colour, illustrating graceful movement, and suave beauty are on every page. After looking through the book our feeling is, we have here at length an artist predestined to illustrate "The Faery Queene." "The Devil's Picture-Books" (UNWIN), a historical discussion of playing-cards by MRS. JOHN KING VAN RENSSLAER, is another finely illustrated volume.

WE have received the first five numbers of "The Railway and General Automatic Library's" books. We are not specially impressed by their appearance. One, written by the DUKE OF ARGYLL, has a strong

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

flavour of "Christopher North;" another, by the MARQUIS OF LORNE, begins with the following truism: "It is not possible for me to write English."

WHATEVER the opposition that the Independent Theatre has met with from the common critic and the common playwright, men of letters are beginning to recognise the fact that the movement is of real literary value, and subscriptions have been received from MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, MR. WALTER BESANT, MR. HENRY JONES, MR. CONAN DOYLE, MR. A. T. Q. COUCH, and others. It would, therefore, be to the advantage of "Our Dramatists," who have lately shown some desire to vindicate their right to a place in literature, to join the new society. MR. PINERO should follow up the publication of his charming comedy, *The Times*, by a subscription and a play. The Independents have been promised a play by— But we must not reveal secrets; suffice it to say that it is by one of the greatest of our living writers.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE IN SCANDINAVIA.

COPENHAGEN, Monday.

ONLY a few years ago the Danish Opposition was one stable and united party, righteously and wrathfully indignant with the Government. Now there are several minor constellations, which at times oppose each other quite as much as they do Herr Estrup.

Thus last week, in the Folkething, Mr. N. I. Larsen, formerly a bitter opponent of the Government, proposed a resolution inviting the Government to reform the judicial institutions of the country in compliance with promises contained in the constitution, and in which the introduction of juries, verbal procedure, and publicity were the leading features. The debate lasted several days, Mr. Larsen's motion being ultimately carried by a majority of sixty votes—thirty declining to vote, and eleven members being absent. Two or three more or less condemnatory Orders of the Day were proposed, but they were all ignominiously lost. Thus the Danish Government is at present having more of a fair wind in the Second Chamber than they have had for the last ten years. It will be interesting to watch the further development of this temporary respite.

The other day King Oscar of Sweden quite surprised a deputation of the unemployed in Stockholm—a sadly too numerous body at present—by expounding at some length his views on the questions likely to most interest his listeners. What he personally could do, he said, had already been, or was about to be, done. But he was not an autocrat. Had he been, he could have granted money for public works, and done away with the duty on food. Although personally a Free Trader, he did not think that the present hard times were to any great extent due to the duty. As to the King's power, he always respected the laws intended to limit it. He had consequently not opposed the tariff passed by the Parliament. He thought the want of employment was due to the continuous influx of people from the country into the towns.

Björnstjerne Björnson, the Norwegian poet-politician, who is, alas! too much of a poet in his politics and too much of an agitator in his recent books, has certainly the knack of keeping his name well before the public. Although a professed apostle of universal peace—his and Edvard Grieg's great Peace Oratorio will be published in a fortnight's time—he is very frequently found on the warpath, and has then an inconvenient way of saying or writing things which are apt to give him and his partisans some trouble afterwards. The other day at Skien he had, for instance, to make a few explanatory remarks in connection with his willingness to

oblige Russia with a Norwegian port, and then he confided to his listeners his views about the mutual position of Norway and Sweden. The union between the two might be likened to a marriage, and it ought to be dissolved when one of the parties was not pleased with it any longer.

Björnson stated that he was a freethinker; he believed in the Commandments as they were before the creation of the world. Love of his neighbour was his religion. Björnson's orations are at least delightfully free from conventionalism.

Lady shorthand writers have now been admitted to the Danish Parliament. The permission is, as far as the Upper House is concerned, subject to the condition that all the shorthand staff (four) shall be ladies.

Alexander Kielland, the celebrated Norwegian writer, has applied for the office of Burgomaster at Stavanger, where his old antagonist, Lars Oftedal, so lately reigned supreme.

The Norwegian Government has decided upon the appointment of a committee to consider the questions of insurance against accidents, and of sick and pension funds for seamen, as well as the improvement of the hygienic conditions on board Norwegian merchant vessels. A couple of gentlemen will also, on behalf of the Government, visit several foreign countries to investigate and report upon the questions of normal working hours and inspection of factories.

B.

THE HAUNTED GLASS.

PART III.

AS the steel entered my back, cutting all the cords that bound me to life, I suffered anguish too exquisite for words to reach, too deep for memory to dive after. My teeth shut on the taste of death; and as they shut a merciful oblivion wrapped me round. How long this oblivion lasted I have no means of knowing. I awoke to find myself groping in Egyptian darkness, a darkness not of night, but, as Pliny says, of a room where the lights have been extinguished. Then a cold wind began to blow on my face and shake this black curtain. A murky light broke in on me. I had a body. That I felt; but where it was I knew not. And so I felt my way forward in the direction where the twilight showed least dimly.

Slowly the curtain shook and its folds dissolved as I moved against the wind. The clouds lifted; and by degrees I grew aware that I was standing on a barren moor. Night was stretched around to the horizon, where straight ahead a grey bar shone across the gloom. I pressed on towards it. The heath was uneven under my feet, and now and then I stumbled heavily; but still I held on. For it seemed that I must get to this grey bar or die a second time. All my muscles, all my will, were strained upon this purpose. Drawing nearer, I observed that a wave-like motion kept passing over this brighter space, as it had passed over the mirror. The glimmer would be obscured for a moment, and then reappear. At length a gentle acclivity of the moor hid it for a while. My legs positively raced up this slope, and upon the summit I hardly dared to look for a moment, knowing that if the light were an illusion all my hope must die with it.

But it was no illusion. There was the light, and there, before my feet, lay a sable sheet of water, over the surface of which the light was playing. There was no moon, no star in heaven; yet over this desolate tarn hovered a pale radiance that ceased again where the edge of its waves lapped the further bank of peat. Their monotonous wash hardly broke the stillness of the place.

The formless longing was now pulling at me with an attraction I could not deny, though within me there rose and fought against it a horror only less strong. Here, as in the Blue Room, two souls

were struggling for me. It was the soul of Philip Cardinnoek that drew me towards the tarn and the soul of Samuel Rance that resisted. Only, what was the thing towards which I was being pulled?

I must have stood at least a minute on the brink before I descried a black object floating at the far end of the tarn. What this object was I could not make out; but I knew it on the instant to be that for which I longed, and all my will grew suddenly intent on drawing it nearer. Even as my volition centred upon it, the black spot began to move slowly out into the pale radiance towards me. Silently, surely, as though my wish drew it by a rope, it floated nearer and nearer over the bosom of the tarn; and while it was still some twenty yards from me I saw it to be a long black box, shaped somewhat like a coffin.

There was no doubt about it. I could hear the water now sucking at its dark sides. I stepped down the bank, and waded up to my knees in the icy water to meet it. It was a plain box, with no writing upon the lid, nor any speck of metal to relieve the dead black; and it moved with the same even speed straight up to where I stood.

As it came I laid my hand upon it and touched wood. But with the touch came a further sensation that made me fling both arms around the box and begin frantically to haul it towards the shore.

It was a feeling of suffocation; of a dreadful weight that pressed in upon my ribs and choked the lungs' action. I felt that I must open that box or die horribly; that until I had it upon the bank and had forced the lid up I should know no pause from the labour and torture of dying.

This put a wild strength into me. As the box grated upon the few pebbles by the shore, I bent over it, caught it once more by the sides, and with infinite effort dragged it up out of the water. It was heavy, and the weight upon my chest was heavier yet; but straining, panting, gasping for breath, I hauled it up the bank, dropped it on the turf, and knelt over it, tugging furiously at the lid.

I was frenzied—no less. My nails were torn until the blood gushed from their roots. Lights danced before me; bells rang in my ears; the pressure on my lungs grew more intolerable with each moment; but still I fought with that lid. Seven devils were within me and helped me; and all the while I knew that I was dying, that unless the box were opened in a moment or two it would be too late.

The sweat ran off my eyebrows and dripped on the box. My breath came and went in sobs. I could not die. I could not, must not die. And so I tugged and strained and tugged again.

Then as the black anguish of the Blue Room took me a second time I seemed to put all my strength into my hands. From the lid or from my own throat—I could not distinguish—there came a creak and a long groan. I tore back the board and fell on the heath with one shuddering breath of relief.

And drawing it, I raised my head and looked over the coffin's edge. Still drawing it, I tumbled back. White, cold, with the last struggle fixed on its features and open eyes, it was my own dead face that stared up at me!

They found me, next morning, lying on the brink of the tarn, and carried me back to the inn. There I lay for weeks in a brain fever and talked—as they assure me—the wildest nonsense. The landlord had first guessed that something was amiss on finding the front door open when he came down at five o'clock. I must have turned to the left on leaving the house, travelled up the road for a hundred yards, and then struck almost at right angles across the moor. One of my shoes was found a furlong from the highway and this had guided them. Of course they found no coffin beside me, and I was prudent enough to hold my tongue when I became convalescent. But the effect of that night was to shatter my health for a year and more, and force me to